

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

## AND

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

##### THE CUT-AND-DRY SYSTEM OF CRITICISM!

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It is a melancholy task to us, though far from an unusual thing in the general practice of contemporary book-makers, to review our own work! At any rate, we have the consolation of performing it openly, and also of following the common example of the larger Reviews,—i.e. saying little or nothing about the publication at the head of our article. But in these days, when the schoolmaster is so much abroad, (our friend Captain Windlass says he thinks him "all abroad," by which sea phrase the amphibious animal seems to mean ought but a compliment), there are many new modes of teaching; and it is to the latest of these we wish to call the public attention.

THE CUT-AND-DRY SYSTEM OF CRITICISM, which has recently sprung up, and is rapidly growing into great force and magnitude, is individually and patriotically odious in our eyes. It affects us, and it injures literature: it is founded on selfish motives, and abuses the public mind. And what is the *cut-and-dry system*? we hear our readers ask. It is altogether a novel custom, we reply, and performed as herein after described.

Almost every book that is now published being an excellent book, in the opinion of its author, compiler, or publisher, one or other of them kindly takes the trouble to pick out some score or two of its best and most striking passages, which are forthwith printed on a loose, separate sheet of paper, duly labelled as being extracted from such or such an able, or admirable, or extremely popular, or widely circulated, or piquant, or exquisite, or highly poetical, or (which is rather the favourite phrase) *talented* work. With every volume sent to review, magazine, or newspaper for notice, one of these *cut-and-dry Helps* (as the Americans call their servants\*) is forwarded; so that the critic or editor, relieved from the need of labour, or the fatigue of reading the book, has only to re-echo that such or such a work has appeared, and that to shew the public how good it is, he has to quote the following able, or admirable, or piquant, or exquisite, or highly poetical, or *talented* paragraphs, anecdotes, &c. from a production which is already extremely popular and widely circulated!! And all this passes current for the genuine opinion of the reviewer or

newspaper writer; whereas, he has had no occasion to open the book, or to look into it; but, finding a parcel of favourable tit-bits sought out for him, just has the politeness to retail them as the fruits of his own taste, judgment, and sagacity.

It is very ungrateful in us to expose this *cut-and-dry* course, which is calculated in an especial manner to contribute to our great ease and comfort; *firstly*, by sparing us the toil and pains of wading through lots of dulness and trash; and *secondly*, by placing us on such excellent terms with authors, compilers, and publishers, that we might live unmolested and be praised by them all the days of our lives, instead of being, as now, abused for cruelty sometimes, and reproached for not bestowing sufficient panegyric always. It is a singular fact, and we record it as a wonder to future generations, that we do not remember ever having quite satisfied an author in the whole "march" of our literary career, though, Heaven knows, we have eulogised some of them till the force of language could no farther go! But this by the by.

We dare say the *reflecting* public is often astonished at the rapidity with which the merits of new works are spread abroad; and the marvellous unanimity which prevails respecting them throughout the press. Why, even the most remote provincial journal is within the reach of a *cut-and-dry sheet*; and it is delightful to the over-busied and intelligent editor, who generally presides over such an organ of opinion, to fill up his columns with the clippings of amusing or striking paragraphs, so civilly provided for him as samples of the able, admirable, piquant, exquisite, *talented*, &c. &c. &c. which, he can assure his readers, has as yet hardly been seen in London.

Now, what are the consequences of this? The efficient expressions to answer the question are "humbug and imposition;" the palming of partial, egotistical, and interested views upon the world, instead of the honest sentiments of the party who is apparently responsible for the statements. And thus are the public every day, and day after day, gulled into the belief, that the most contemptible performances are possessed of extraordinary claims to attention and patronage: they buy, the bubble bursts, they feel they have been cheated, and the next hour they or others fall into the same trap again; and "the million" keep up the game, like reproduction, by furnishing a never-ending succession of dupes. Perhaps it may be thought, at first sight, that these are too strong terms in reprehension of a practice so innocuous as merely sending a few of the best extracts from a publication to the newspapers;—and so they would be, were the evil confined to the delusion of procuring a market for what is undeserving of encouragement. But the great wrong lies deeper—it is by the protrusion of what is worthless that real merit and talent are stifled. The voice of modest Genius cannot be heard amid the din of clamorous puffing; and the expense of making a sterling production known

amounts to a prohibition against the efforts of learning and intellect, unsupported by the long purse and ingenious devices, to create a demand, of the existing mode of publishing. It is, therefore, for the sake and on behalf of humble Genius that we think it time to enter our protest against the oppression of this monopoly: It is our painful province to be made acquainted with hundreds of estimable persons, emulous of literary fame, and competent to acquire it too, whose hopes are crushed and destroyed by the system of which we speak. It is the roaring of the ocean that condemns full many a gem of purest ray to lie waste and unnoticed amid the wreck below: it is the upas that blights every fair floweret under its baleful shade.

The effect upon our national literature is another of the considerations which attaches much importance to this mode of proceeding. Let us look at the class of publications which inundate the Circulating Libraries, and compare it with an annual catalogue of the works of a superior character for information, learning, or lasting utility. Where are they? It is not worth while to publish a learned volume, or a volume of beautiful poetry, or any unpretending book of original research and valuable application. It would require a hundred pounds, perhaps, to advertise the limited number of the buyers of such sterling production that it existed, and the return would not cover this expense or remunerate the bookseller. He must therefore, and does, reject nearly all labours and efforts of this kind, however deserving; and turns to the ephemeries of the hour, which, by being puffed into notoriety, attract the multitude, are disposed of, repay the outlay, disgrace our literature, deprave the public taste, and are forgotten.

The connexion formed between the periodical journals and publishers in this way, is another curious part of the business. Newspapers devoted to political news, do not generally hold themselves to be authorities on literary subjects, though almost every newspaper now dabbles a little in the trade of criticism. They, therefore, care no great deal for what their columns contain in the mere ordinary routine of inserting what is paid for: the booksellers' paragraphs and advertisements come together, and the latter insures the companionship of the former. And this has grown to so vast an extent, that the entire press of the country, with hardly an exception, is subservient to it. We cannot take up a paper without recognising page after page of the materials already familiar to us from the circular cut-and-dry sheets which we, like others, have received, to guide us, as it were, in the path we are wished to go, but which we are determined never to follow. Indeed, the more we see it pervade the system, so as to lead and mislead the public, the more resolutely shall the *Literary Gazette* adhere to the opposite course, and, at all events, deliver its own opinions. These may be erroneous, and liable to be questioned, as well as others; but as we

\* *Master* and *servant* are names unknown in the United States. There, servants will not acknowledge they have a master. I am helper to such a one, is their term. In the French revolution, too, it may be curious to mention, the word *master* was abolished, and *bourgeois* was substituted. A servant talks of his *bourgeois*, or the *bourgeoisie*, meaning the master, and if his *bourgeoisie*, the mistress. The hatred of the word *master* may be traced back to, not republican, but imperial Rome. Augustus never could bear it. Suetonius tells us, that at the theatre *master* in his part, said: "O the just, O the good master!" The public, with one accord, and with transports of joy, applied it to Augustus, who testified by his countenance and action how much it displeased him; and the next day he issued an edict severely reproaching the people on the subject: and he forbade the term to be applied to him, by high or low, in jest or earnest.

think the cut-and-dry fashion to be more insidiously detrimental to real literature than the outrageous puffing which it has in some measure supplanted, and with which it has in some degree combined, we shall fearlessly oppose ourselves to its continuance.

What we have said must contribute to throw a light upon it, and will, we trust, conduce to an honest and better order of things. Should it be otherwise, should it be agreed that every man being his own reviewer is a convenient and proper plan, we must also submit to be silenced; but until we are made to feel that our Othello's occupation's gone, we will not consent to have it performed by the little black slaves of the cut-and-dry manner.

In submitting this exposition we have made no personal allusions; for we regret to say that the cause of complaint is but too widely spread, and in that lies its power of mischief. A few insulated examples would only offend, but the mass almost utterly smothers justice, and debilitates our national literature into trifling and superficial trumpery of the day, destitute of vigour and standard excellence. The old saying, of "every one a mouthful, and no one a bellyful," is being fulfilled to the utmost letter; and if the English reader wants a book calculated for future times, he must go to Germany, or France, or Russia! for in England there are nothing but reprints, compilations, annals, periodicals, and the old species of machinery of the druggists' bottles mingling the contents of several, and shewing off the mixtures of every colour of the rainbow.

We will now take our leave of the cut-and-dry system, which may very readily be detected, wherever it is visible, after this exposure:—when readers see quotation after quotation multiplied in the newspapers, the sign is unequivocal, and these are the misrepresentations of the parties concerned, not the dicta of literary independence and justice.

*Walter Colyton: a Tale of 1688.* By the Author of "Brambletye House." 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn and Bentley. London, 1836.

MR. SMITH'S most successful efforts are certainly his historical ones: he evidently commences no work till he has thoroughly examined his ground, and made himself master of all its details; in all his allusions to, or descriptions of, the manners, customs, and events of the time, he is strikingly correct; and we have now to notice one great improvement,—he has been much more sparing of his antiquarian lore; and peculiarities of style and dress are chiefly introduced as they illustrate necessarily the period and characters. Though Mr. Smith is not the founder of his school, he is, at least, one of its best followers; originality he does not possess; he would never of himself have raised the historical novel to its present distinction: but he writes very pleasantly, and communicates much information in too popular a manner not to secure many readers. We prefer *Walter Colyton* to many of its predecessors; the story is interesting, and the dénouement very unexpected; and that, at least, we will take care not to spoil. Among the personages introduced is the celebrated Catherine Sedley, countess of Dorchester, favourite of James II., in whose reign the scene is laid: we shall extract a portion in which she figures.

Walter, the hero, has been condemned to death by a court-martial for striking his superior officer, though under circumstances of great provocation. Sengrave has been prin-

cipal accessory to an attempt to marry him, even by force, to a mistress, of whom Lord Sunderland, then minister, is weary. Hetty, his own attachment (an animated copy from Jeannie Deans), learns from her lover, that chance has thrown him into contact, and also into favour, with the Countess of Dorchester; and she forthwith proceeds to London in man's attire, trusting, through Catherine's interest, to present the petition for his life to the king.

Influenced by the same considerations that had weighed with her before her departure, Hetty determined to preserve her male attire in London; but as her travelling garb was of rather a rude, rustic description, and she feared that there might be some difficulty in making her way quickly to the countess's presence, unless she presented a handsome exterior, she purchased a genteel dress suit, hung a sword to her side, exchanged her close wig for one of the small, fashionable perukes, and, without waiting to recruit herself after her long journey, hastened in her new habiliments to St. James's Square. On the afternoon of Hetty's visit, the countess, seeing the rapid approach of that crisis, which by her counsels she had not less strenuously than vainly endeavoured to avert, and anticipating, in the probable loss of her royal lover, a deprivation of all her splendour and distinction, was endeavouring, in a half melancholy and half bantering mood, to drive away the dismal forebodings that haunted her. 'Morlay, *mia cara*!' she exclaimed to her parasite, with a forced smile, 'I was advised not long since to imitate Madame de la Valière, to retire into a Carmelite convent, and practise all sorts of austerities; but, methinks, if I am to turn *religieuse*, I had rather, like Fenelon, attach myself to Madame de Guyon, and become a Quietist.' 'A Quietist! Sprightly, vivacious, and witty, as you are by nature, how can you ever expect to become a Quietist? Not that I know any thing of Madame de Guyon's doctrines, though we have heard so much about her.' 'She preaches the entire renunciation of self, the silence of the soul, the annihilation of all its powers, interior worship, and that pure and disinterested love of God which is neither degraded by the fear of punishment, nor animated by the hope of reward. Now, methinks if I had a very romantic hermitage, and a smart young hermit to chat with after my fits of quietism were over, I should not object now and then to indulge in a holy abstraction from the world, to turn my thoughts inwards, and to sit, as it were, in the solemn, solitary temple of my own heart, musing ineffable reveries à la Guyon. But positively I must have the smart young hermit.'

'Nay, now you are rattling and talking like a giddy madcap as you are, for nobody was ever half so free from flirting or gallantry: you are a very turtle-dove towards the king. At times, indeed, you have been too careless of appearances, too indifferent, in the consciousness of your innocence, as to what people might say. There you must confess that blunt Morlay has proved herself your friend, for I have always warned you to be scrupulously observant of decorum, always told you that Caesar's wife ought to be not only virtuous, but even free from suspicion.' 'I am not Caesar's wife, however, but his mistress.' 'Tush! is it not exactly the same thing? A king's wife is his state mistress, and his mistress is his private wife.' 'Eh va via, non mi romper la testa! Prithee no more of this.'

'A servant entering, announced that a stranger was below, who declined giving his name; but had desired him to state that he

was a friend of Captain Colyton. 'Not give his name! What is he like? is he a gentle man? is he young? is he handsome?' inquired the countess. 'Quite a gentleman,' my lady, 'very young, and remarkably handsome.' 'Had I three ears, I'd hear thee! Shew him up, by all means.' In another minute Hetty Chervil entered the apartment, endeavouring to make a man's bow, in which she did but indifferently succeed; and catching her foot in her sword as she advanced,—a circumstance that added to her confusion as she blushing said, 'If I have the honour of addressing the Countess of Dorchester, may I entreat you, madam, to favour me with a private interview?' 'A private interview! truly this is a modest request for a stranger to make! Morlay, duenna mine, how is Caesar's wife to act?' 'How can you ask such a question, when I know your thorough discretion?' said the scrupulous observer of decorum, taking the hint, and immediately quitting the apartment. 'Oh madam!' cried Hetty, throwing herself upon her knees before the countess, 'forgive me for thus intruding into your presence, and, above all, for appearing in this disguise; but when I tell you that I am an unhappy and almost heart-broken maiden —' 'Maiden! Egad, wench! I could have better forgiven you had you really been what your dress betokens; though I had discovered you before you spoke, for I am not easily deceived in these matters. As one of my own sex, however, you can have no business at my feet; so prithee seat yourself, resume your composure, and tell me the purport of your visit, particularly as it has reference to my friend Captain Colyton.'

Hetty gives all the necessary information, and at the conclusion of her narrative,—

'Betrothed to Captain Colyton! Are you aware, my love-lorn donzella,' continued the countess, who even upon so grave an occasion could not altogether refrain from bantering—'that I have a sneaking kindness for him myself, and that, if I save his life, it will be only to tie him to my own apron-string as my cis-bow, my fashionable dangle, my private lover?' 'Save him! save him! only save his life, and I care not what becomes of myself; I can bear any thing, provided Walter be spared. I could even resign him for ever—yes, cheerfully, madam, will—' A rising sob, which she in vain endeavoured to suppress, prevented the completion of the sentence, while the tear that started to her eye refuted the assertion she was about to make. 'Tut, wench! I did but joke,' said the countess, taking her companion's hand, and affectionately pressing it. 'A pest, however, upon the mistimed pleasantry that could thus trifle with your feelings! Kate Sedley may be accused of levity, of folly, of misconduct, but heartless I am not; and may I perish if I would not thrust this right hand into the fire, and burn it to a coal, like Cranmer's, rather than interfere between you and the object of your affection.'

'I promise that I will set in motion all the influence and interest I possess; that I will exert every faculty of my soul; that I will importune the king without ceasing, until I obtain a remission of Captain Colyton's sentence.' Hetty's vehement emotions could now no longer be repressed. Throwing herself at the countess's feet, and pressing to her heart the hand which she still held, she passionately exclaimed, 'A thousand, thousand thanks, best and most generous of women! you have saved me from despair; you have attached me to you for ever; and if the most fervent gratitude, if my readiness to lay down my life in your service, could

be deemed a fitting return for your condescension and goodness —' She broke off abruptly; for the door of the apartment suddenly opened, and a person entered, whom, from the portraits she had seen, she immediately recognised to be the king. 'Hah!' exclaimed the monarch, starting back, and snatching at the pommel of his sword, while his whole face whitened with rage, even to the lips, — 'treachery here, too! Nothing but treachery on all sides! It is well, madam, it is well; but I could have been better pleased had your audacious paramour been a king, and worthy of my sword. Traitor as the villain is, I cannot draw against a subject.' Releasing the hilt of his weapon, he paused for a moment, in apparent irresolution whether to retire from the apartment or await an explanation; while Hetty arose from her kneeling posture, and stood with averted face and eyes fixed upon the floor, overcome with awe, surprise, and confusion. 'It were well for your majesty if you had no worse treasons to fear than this,' said the countess, whose petulance was instantly piqued by any thing like a taunt, especially when she knew it to be unmerited: 'Oh! what a precious discovery have you made, and how eager do you seem to become your own Actæon! Send for Sir Godfrey, that he may paint us as we stand — your majesty pale with anger — yonder detected gallant twiddling his sword-knot after a most sheepish and lackadaisical fashion — and Kate Sedley looking as saucy as if she had committed no offence. Pardon my impertinence, but were it not well that you should rub your eyes, and exclaim with the jealous-pated man in the play, 'Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Awake, awake! Master Ford; I will now take the gallant; he is at my house; he cannot escape me — 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places.' *Basta!* enough of this; I will myself search for your majesty's rival beneath this disguising periwig!' Turning Hetty suddenly round towards the king, she twitched off her wig, and resumed, as her luxuriant locks fell about her shoulders, — 'There, sir, you may see by these modest blushes, and by the palpitation of her bosom, threatening to break the buttons of her vest, that the Imogene who was kneeling at my feet, is, in spite of her alarming garb, a poor, timid, harmless maiden!' 'I understand not this mummery; who is she? what is she?' inquired James, still speaking sternly, though his ordinary complexion had returned, and his countenance was now not more saturnine than usual. 'Speak for yourself,' said the countess to Hetty; 'you implored me to present you to the king; there is his majesty; tell your own story.' Believing that the fate of her beloved Walter might depend upon her conduct and self-possession at the present moment, Hetty summoned all her energies to her aid, threw herself at the feet of the sovereign, stated in a hurried manner the cause and the nature of Walter's offence, with the sentence it had drawn down upon him, and in a passionate appeal, such only as a loving woman could pronounce, implored a remission of the fatal decree. 'Your majesty now perceives,' said the countess, 'that there is nothing more criminal in the whole affair, no more important discovery to be made, than that a very small fraction of my Lord Sunderland's private-life treacheries has come to light; his public treasons remain yet to be developed!' This speech

was luckily thrown in, and the moment was altogether propitious to Hetty's suit; for recent events, in spite of James's infatuation, had begun to force open his eyes to the perfidious proceedings of his minister. By the arrival of Skelton, the ambassador in Holland, it was found that the various letters he had officially written, positively announcing the destination of the prince's armament, had been all suppressed, and carefully kept from the king's knowledge. Other revelations had filled the royal mind with grave misgivings as to the honesty of the man upon whom he had lavished his favour and confidence; and as instances of ingratitude and perfidy multiplied around him, he was the better pleased to find that his suspicions of the countess's fidelity were unfounded. 'Who is this Captain Colyton?' he inquired, speaking in a still more gracious mood than he had hitherto used. 'The same,' replied the countess, 'whom Sunderland, that he might the better inveigle and insnare him, presented at a late drawing-room, when your majesty condescended to converse with him, and led him to expect that you would serve him, should occasion offer. Your majesty's promises have ever been held sacred and inviolable, — an honourable fact which not even your bitterest enemies can deny.' 'I made no promise: even if I had, it would have been abrogated by misconduct in the party. This is a grave, almost an irremissible offence; at the present moment it is peculiarly necessary to enforce a strict observance of discipline in the army.' 'It is still more necessary not to alienate that army and extend disaffection by sacrificing a gentleman of whom they may well be proud, to such a low and worthless character as Lord Sunderland's creature, whom they cannot but view as a disgrace to their profession. Clemency,' continued the countess, who knew that the king, like other men, loved to be most highly lauded for those virtues in which he was most deficient, 'clemency is not only your majesty's noblest prerogative, but the one which you have ever shewn to be the dearest to your heart. In Monmouth's infamous affair, did you not pardon thousands who had forfeited both life and estate? My Lord Brandon, Lord Stamford, Mr. Hampden, and many others, after being convicted of high treason, have received their lives at your hand; and will your majesty, who can thus generously forgive traitors, rebels, and enemies, suffer a brave and loyal soldier to be shot, because in a hasty moment he struck a bully of Lord Sunderland's?' 'I do not remember to have seen the report of this court-martial. Has that too been suppressed, like Skelton's letters?' 'This active and undaunted girl, who travels faster than most of the royal couriers, has outstripped its arrival. She left Somersetshire as soon as it was agreed upon, travelled incessantly both day and night, and has hardly been an hour in London.' 'It will probably, then, be laid before me to-morrow.' After pausing for a few seconds, as if considering how he should word his promise, the king, addressing himself to Hetty, continued — 'And if there be no more aggravating circumstances in the case than those you have mentioned, the capital part of the punishment shall be remitted.' 'There! do you hear?' cried the countess to Hetty — 'you may retire. Say no more — do no more — the word has gone forth from the mouth of one who never yet violated a promise.'

The following passage has so much historical truth, that we must give it place. Forrester is speaking of the time-serving character of too

many of the then English courtiers, and addresses William III.

"I can easily believe that this covetousness and inconsistency on the one side, coupled with the insight which your majesty must have obtained into the clamorous protestations of universal loyalty that preceded the general defection from the late king, may have lowered our nation in your eyes; nor can I deny, that the revolution, however glorious to your majesty, however blessed in its results, may be hereafter deemed dishonourable to the people of England in the mode of its achievement. But the Stuarts are only the victims of the general corruption they themselves effected. At the time of the restoration, high-minded Puritans of the Hutchinson and Ludlow stamp were still living, men who might have strengthened the public mind by imparting to it their own morality and strict religious tone; even as the Goths, when they intermingled with the degenerate people of Italy, corroborated their bodily strength. But in the reign of Charles the Second, drunkenness, irreligion, immorality, and corruption, became tests of loyalty; and the people at large soon learned to imitate, though they could not surpass, the gross depravity of the court. Charles and his successor were both pensioners of France; both secretly leagued with a foreign despot against their subjects; and they can have no right therefore to complain when the people turned the stream of corruption, and entered into conspiracies against themselves. It will be for your majesty to commence a moral revolution, still more glorious than the political one you have achieved, by making the court a school of religion, morality, and decorum; and thus gradually reforming the people by the same high example that has so thoroughly corrupted them."

We must apply to some part of this work a censure we have used towards another in a different place of this *Gazette*; viz. the introduction of so much of the Somersetshire dialect: it seems to us strangely bad taste in a writer, whose object we suppose is to interest a refined class, to devote pages to recording the vulgar corruptions of their native tongue in use among bores. If these provincial imitations continue, novels and dictionaries must go together; and, moreover, we doubt the policy of an author throwing a stumbling-block in the way of that large body of readers who seek but amusement.

*The Doom of Devorgoil, a Melo-drama: and Auchindran: or, the Ayrshire Tragedy.* By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 8vo. pp. 357. Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.: London, Simpkin and Marshall.

HAVING, we believe, with the exception of the publishers' duplicate, the only copy of this volume which has found its way to London, we seize a hurried hour (for it reached us late) to bring the performance before our readers. And we regret this haste the less, because it would have been an idle waste of time to attempt elaborate criticism on a new work from the pen of Sir Walter Scott; though its dramatic form, and the nature of the two traditions which it embodies, might entitle it to some observations beyond those of a mere cursory report. But be that as it may hereafter, we are, for the present, limited to the pleasant duty of making a *canto* of the beauties that have struck us most; and adorning this No. with the earliest blossoms we have been able to collect into a nosegay, from the dark wreaths of *Devorgoil* and *Auchindran*.

The first, though entitled a melo-drama, Sir



Walter tells us he ought to have called an *extravaganza*, had he been previously acquainted with that appellation for a drama, as sanctioned by the high authority of his Majesty's Licensor, Mr. Colman the younger. It was written for poor Terry at the Adelphi; but being thought unfit in some of its machinery for actual representation on the stage, was reserved for publication, and is now submitted to the literary world.

The tradition on which it is founded belongs to the shire of Galloway, though other parts of Scotland record similar tales, of a noble house with a doom or curse hanging over it for some ancient deed of blood, and fast approaching, by awful and mysterious steps, to completion. Into this intricacy we abstain from entering, as we have no chance of threading even so simple a labyrinth, and fulfilling the declared intention of this sketch. We shall merely say, that Leonard is the lover-hero, and is thus bespoke by Durward, an aged man, on the subject of *love*, which is, after all, a theme neither understood by young nor old, if we may judge by the opposite theories, and by the changes it is continually causing in the mind.

"Leonard, thou lovest; and in that little word There lies enough to claim the sympathy Of men who wear such hoary locks as mine, And know what misplaced love is sure to end in."

On the same subject we have two maidens, Flora and Kathleen, and a wife, Eleanor, conversing, as follows:—

"Eleanor.—O mayst thou never know the spited feeling

That gender discord in adversity  
Betwixt the dearest friends and truest lovers!  
In the chill dawning gale of poverty,  
If Love's lamp go not out, it gleams but palely,  
And twinkles in the socket.

Flora.—But tenderness can screen it with her veil,  
Till it revive again. By gentleness, good mother,  
How oft I've seen you soothe my father's mood!

Kathleen.—Now there speak youthful hope and fantasy!

Eleanor.—That is an easier task in youth than age:  
Our temper hardens, and our charms decay;  
And both are needed in that art of soothing.

Kathleen.—And there speaks sad experience. [Aside.]

Eleanor says elsewhere, finely, in one line,  
"I have learn'd carelessness from fruitless care:"

and the dialogue continues:

"Too long I've watch'd to-morrow: let it come  
And cater for itself. Thou hear'st the thunder.

This is a gloomy night; within, alas!

Still gloomer and more threatening: let us use  
Whatever means we have to drive it o'er.

And leave to Heaven to-morrow. Trust me, Flora,

'Tis the philosophy of desperate want

To watch itself but with the present evil,

And face one grief at once.

Away, I wish thine aid, and not thy counsel."

Of the desolate hall where this is said, and where

"stern Erick's harness hangs untouched,  
Since his last fatal raid on Cumberland!"

the subjoined is an animated description:

"Oswald.—Ay, waste, and want, and recklessness—a comrade  
Still yoked with waste and want—have stripp'd these walls

Of every other trophy. Antler'd skulls,

Whose branches vouch'd the tales old vassals told

Of desperate chases—partisans and spears—

Knights' barred helms and shields—the shafts and bows,

Axes and breastplates, of the hardy yeomanry—

The banners of the vanquish'd—signs these arms

Were not assumed in vain, have disappear'd!

Yes, one by one they all have disappear'd:

And now Lord Erick's harness hangs alone,

Midst implements of vulgar husbandry

And mean economy: as some old warrior,

Whom want hath made an inmate of an almshouse,

Shews 'mid the beggar's spendthrifts, base mechanics,

And bankrupt pedlars, with whom fate has mix'd him.

Durward.—Or rather like a pirate, whom the prison-

house,

Prime leveller, next the grave, hath for the first time

Mingled with peaceful captives, low in fortunes,

But fair in innocence.

Oswald (looking at Durward with surprise).

Friend, thou art bitter!

Dur.—Plain truth, sir, like the vulgar copper coinage,  
Despised amongst the gentry, still finds value  
And currency with beggars.

Oswald. He it so.  
I will not trench on the immunities  
I soon may claim to share."

Thus depressed, the baron speaks of the wine  
which he quaffs at his last feast:

"Fill round, my friends—here is a treacherous friend now  
Smiles in your face, yet seeks to steal the jewel  
Which is distinction between man and brute—  
I mean our reason—this he does, and smiles.  
But are not all friends treacherous?—one shall cross you  
Even in your dearest interests—one shall slander you—  
This steal your daughter, that defraud your purse;  
But this gay flask of Bordeaux will but borrow  
Your sense of mortal sorrows for a season,  
And leave, instead, a gay delirium.  
Methinks my brain, unused to such gay visitants,  
The influence feels already!—we will revel!  
Our banquet shall be loud!—it is our last."

He then reminds his guests of his past exploits in arms, when he fought with Claver's. He exclaims:

"It was I rode next him,  
'Tis thirty summers since, rode by his rein;  
We marched on through the alarmed city.  
As sweeps the osprey through a flock of gulls,  
Who scream and flutter, but dare no resistance  
Against the bold sea-empress: they did murmur,  
The crowds before us, in their sullen wrath,  
And those whom we had pass'd, gathering fresh courage,  
Cried havoc in the rear—we minded them  
E'en as the brave hawk minds the bursting billows,  
Which, yielding to her bows, burst on her sides,  
And ripple in her wake."

But we will close these snatches of quotation,  
picked from *Devorgoil*, with another only.  
The energetic expression of Leonard, when  
asked, "What dost thou here?"—(he has  
caught Flora in his arms, on the approach of  
danger, and answers)—

"The duty of a man—  
Supporting Innocence. Were it the final call,  
I were not misemploy'd."

This drama is also interspersed with songs,  
which are more readily transplanted into our  
*Gazette* garden.

The weapon-shaw.

"We love the shrill trumpet, we love the drum's rattle;  
They call us to sport, and they call us to battle;  
And old Scotland shall laugh at the threats of a stranger,  
While our comrades in pastime are comrades in danger.

If there's mirth in our house, 'tis our neighbour that

shares it—

If peril approach, 'tis our neighbour that dares it;

And when we lead off to the pipe and the tabor,

The fair hand we press is the hand of a neighbour.

Then close your ranks, comrades, the hands that combine

them,

Faith, friendship, and brotherhood, join'd to entwine

And we'll laugh the threats of each insolent stranger,

While our comrades in sport are our comrades in

danger."

The love-song of the victor to his mistress.

"Admire not that I gain'd the prize

From all the village crew;

How could I fail with hand and eyes,

When heart and faith were true?

And when in floods of rosy wine

My comrades drown'd their cares,

I thought but that thy heart was mine,

My own leapt light as thine.

My brief delay then do not blame,

Nor deem your swain untrue;

My form but linger'd at the game,

My soul was still with you."

In adversity.

"When the tempest's at the loudest,

On its gale the eagle rides;

When the ocean rolls the proudest,

Through the foam the sea-bird glides—

All the rage of wind and sea

Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,

All the ills that men endure;

Each their various pang combining,

Constancy can find a cure—

Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,

Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,

Make me abject, mean, and poor;

Heap on insults without measure,

Chain me to a dungeon floor—

I'll be happy, rich, and free,

If endow'd with constancy."

The cure.

"When friends are met o'er merry cheer,  
And lovely eyes are laughing near,  
And in the goblet's bosom clear

The cares of day are drown'd;

When puns are made, and bumpers quaff'd,  
And wild Wit shoots his roving shaft,

And Mirth his jovial laugh has laugh'd,  
Then is our banquet crown'd,

Ah gay,

Then is our banquet crown'd.

When glees are sung, and catches troll'd,  
And bashfulness grows bright and bold,

And beauty is no longer cold,  
And age no longer dull;

When chimers are brief, and cocks do crow,  
To tell us it is time to go,

Yet how to part we do not know,  
Then is our feast at full,

Ah gay,

Then is our feast at full."

We are tempted to add all the lyrical portion

of a duetto between the merry maiden Kathleen

and her sweetheart, who disguise themselves as

Owlsplegle and Cockledemoy (two traditinary

goblins), in order to torment Gullcrammer, a

foolish and pedantic pretender to Flora.

"Owlsplegle. Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy—

Cockledemoy. Here, father, here.

Owlsplegle. Now the pole-star's red and burning,

And the witch's spindle turning,

Appear, appear!

Gullcrammer (who has raised himself, and listened with

great terror to the Duett).

I have heard of the devil's dam before,

But never of his child. Now, Heaven deliver me!

The Papists have the better of us there—

They have their Latin prayers, cut and dried,

And pat for such occasion—I can think

On nought but the vernacular.

Owlsplegle. Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

We'll sport us here—

Cockledemoy. Our gambols play,

Like elf and fay;

Owlsplegle. And domineer,

Both.

Laugh, frolic, and frisk, till the morning appear.

Cockledemoy. Lift latch—open clasp—

Shoot bolt—and burst hasp!

[The door opens with violence. Enter Blackthorn, as Owl-

spigle, fantastically dressed in a Spanish Barler, tall,

thin, emaciated, and ghostly; Flora, as Cockledemoy,

attends as his Page. All their manners, tones, and

movements, are fantastic, as those of Goblins. They make two

or three times the circuit of the Room, without seeming to

see Gullcrammer. They then resume their Chant, or Re-

citation.]

Owlsplegle. Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

What wilt thou do that will give thee joy?

Wilt thou ride on the midnight owl?

Cockledemoy. No; for the weather is stormy and foul.

Owlsplegle. Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

What wilt thou do that can give thee joy?

With a needle for a sword, and a thimble for a hat,

Wilt thou fight a traverse with the castle cat?

Cockledemoy. Oh no! she has claws, and I like not that.

Gullcrammer. I see the devil is a doating father,

And spoils his children,—'tis the surest way

To make cursed lumps of them. They see me not—

What will they think on next? It must be owned

They have a dainty choice of occupations.

Owlsplegle. Cockledemoy!

My boy, my boy,

What shall we do that can give thee joy?

Shall we go seek for a cuckoo's nest?

Cockledemoy. That's best, that's best!

Both. About, about,

Like an elvish scout,

The cuckoo's a gull, and we'll soon find him out.

[They search the room with maps and mows. At length

Cockledemoy jumps on the bed. Gullcrammer raises

himself half up, supporting himself by his hands.

Cockledemoy does the same, and grins at him; then

skips from the bed, and runs to Owlsplegle.]

Cockledemoy. I've found the nest,

And in it a guest.

With a sable cloak and a taffeta vest;

He must be washed, and trimmed, and drest,

To please the eyes he loves the best.

Owlsplegle. That's best, that's best!

Both. He must be shaved, and trimmed, and drest,

To please the eyes he loves the best.

[They arrange shaving things on the table, and sing as they



And the strap, from the hide of a lame racer, sold  
By Lord Match, to his friend, for some hundreds in gold.  
*Both.* For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,  
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

*Cockledeymy (placing the napkin).*  
And this cambric napkin, so white and so fair.  
At a usurer's funeral I stole from the heir.

*(Drops something from a vial, as going to make suit.)*  
This dewdrop I caught from one eye of his mother,  
Which wept while she ogled the parson with t'other.

*Both.* For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,  
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

*Octopledge (arranging the lather and the basin).*  
My soap-ball is of the mild alkali made,  
Which the soft dedicat'or employs in his trade;

And it froths with the pith of a promise, that's sworn  
By a lover at night, and forgot on the morn.

*Both.* For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,  
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

*Halloo, halloo,*  
The blackcock crew,

Thrice shrieked hath the owl, thrice croaked hath the  
raven,

Here, ho! Master Gullcrammer, rise and be shaven!"

And he is trimmed accordingly.

We have only to remark, that the names  
"fool," "ass," &c. are rather liberally dis-  
pensing throughout this drama;—and turn to  
the more fatal and bloody tragedy of *Auchin-  
drane*, founded on the real crimes of Mure,  
the feudal laird of that domain, in the county  
of Ayr, whose trial and fate forms a remark-  
able record in Pittcairn's Criminal Trials of  
Scotland.\* Mure was a Richard III. in a  
lower sphere, and destroyed all that stood in  
the way between him and his ambition. One  
of his victims, Quentin, returns home after an  
absence of six years, and thus apostrophises the  
scene:—

"Each rock, each stream I look on,  
Each bosky wood, and every frowning tower,  
Awakens some young dream of infancy.  
Yet such is my hard hap, I might more safely  
Have look'd on Indian cliffs, or Africa's desert,  
Than on my native shores. I'm like a babe,  
Doom'd to draw poison from my nurse's bosom."

"A lord,  
The master of the soil for many a mile,  
Dreaded and powerful, took a kindly charge  
For my advance in letters, and the qualities  
Of the poor orphan had drew some applause.  
The knight was proud of me, and, in his halls,  
I had such kind of welcome as the great  
Gave to the humble, whom they love to point to  
As objects not unworthy their protection,  
Whose progress is some honour to their patron."

His friend, Sergeant, an old campaigner,  
who has returned with him, endeavours to get  
him from this fated region; and the following  
ensues:—

*Sergeant.* Mark, me, Quentin.  
I took my license from the noble regiment,  
Partly that I was worn with age and warfare,  
Partly that an estate of yeomanry,  
Of no great purchase, but enough to live on,  
Has call'd me merry since a kinsman's death.  
It lies in merry Yorkshire, where the wealth  
Of fold and furrow, proper to Old England,  
Stretches by streams which walk no sluggish pace,  
But dance as light as yours. Now, good friend Quentin,  
This copyhold can keep two quiet inmates,  
And I am childless. Wilt thou be my son?

*Quentin.* Nay, you can only jest, my worthy friend!  
What claim have I to be a burden to you?

*Sergeant.* The claim of him that wants, and is in danger,  
On him that has, and can afford protection:  
Thou wouldst not fear a foeman in my cottage,  
Where a stout mastiff slumber'd on the hearth,  
And this good halbert hung above the chimney?  
But come—I have it—thou shalt earn thy bread  
Duly, and honourably, and usefully.  
Our village schoolmaster hath left the parish,  
Forsook the ancient schoolhouse with its yew-trees,  
That lurk'd beside a church two centuries older,—  
So long devoted to the feast of knowledge:  
And since his little flock are shepherdless,  
'Tis thou shalt be promoted in his room;  
And rather than thou wastest scholars, man,  
Myself will enter pupil. Better late,  
Our proverb says, than never to do well.  
And look you, on the holidays I'd tell

\* This very curious and deeply interesting work, so  
illustrative of the history of Scotland and the manners of  
every age, is publishing in 4to Paris, of which we have  
four on our table, containing the memorable transactions  
of the criminal courts from 1560 to 1602. The violence  
and atrocities of ruthless barons, the superstitions regard-  
ing witchcraft, and the cruel murders of the deluded or  
accused practitioners of the black art, and many other  
strange matters, fill these extraordinary pages.—*Ed. L. G.*

To all the wondering bores and gaping children,  
Strange tales of what the regiment did in Flanders,  
And thou shouldst say Amen, and be my warrant,  
That I speak truth to them.

*Quentin.* Would I might take thy offer! But, alas!  
Thou art the hermit who compell'd a pilgrim,  
In name of Heaven and heavenly charity,  
To share his roof and meal, but found too late  
That he had drawn a curse on him and his,  
By sheltering a wretch foredoom'd of heaven!"

*Sergeant.* Faith, thou hast borne it bravely out.  
Had I been ask'd to name the merriest fellow  
Of all our muster-roll—that man wert thou.

*Quentin.* Seest thou, my friend, you brook dance  
down the valley,

And sing blithe carols over broken rock  
And tiny water-fall, kissing each shrub  
And each gay flower it nurses in its passage,—  
Where thinkst thou is its source, the bonny brook?—  
It flows from forth a cavern, black and gloomy,  
Sullen and sunless, like this heart of mine,  
Which others see in a false glare of gaiety,  
Which I have laid before you in its sadness."

The following simile is good:—

"What should appal a man inured to perils,  
Like the bold climber on the crags of Allis?  
Winds whistle past him, billows rage below,  
The sea-fowl sweep around, with shriek and clang,  
One single slip, one unadvised pace,  
One quail of giddiness—and peace be with him!  
But he whose grasp is sure, whose step is firm,  
Whose brain is constant—he makes one proud rock  
The means to scale another, till he stand  
Triumphant on the peak."

The next is also worth quoting as a speci-  
men:—

"Father, what we call great, is often ruin'd  
By means so ludicrously disproportion'd,  
They make me think upon the gunner's linstock,  
Which, yielding forth a light about the size  
And semblance of the glow-worm, yet applied  
To powder, blew a palace into atoms,  
Sent a young king a young queen's mate at least—  
Into the air, as high as e'er flew night-hawk,  
And made such wild work in the realm of Scotland,  
As they can tell who heard."

And as this play ends, so must we, somewhat  
abruptly. In the way of observation, we might  
say that several of the characters are perhaps  
rather refined or metaphysical for their rude  
age; and, for the sake of shewing that we are  
critical, point out the use of the same image  
three times in the same composition:—

\* \* \* "Thine officer,  
Whom you ungrateful slaves have pitch'd ashore,  
As wild waves heap the sea-weed on the beach,  
And left him here, as if he had the pest."

"Yonder mutineers that left their officer,  
As reckless of his quarters as these billows,  
That leave the wither'd sea-weed on the beach,  
And care not where they pile it."

O, my soldiers!  
My merry crew of vagabonds, for ever!  
Scum of the Netherlands, and wash'd ashore  
Upon this coast like unregarded sea-weed."

But enough: we are sure our readers will  
be glad to possess so much of this celebrated  
author, till they can procure the work itself;  
and great as he is, we are not without a hope  
that he will be obliged to us for our prompt  
tribute. For, altering only one word, and put-  
ting *author* for *soldier*, we flatter ourselves that,  
even among the highest,

"Your author  
Bids for a leaf of laurel, and a line  
In the GAZETTE."

#### Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.

WE regretted to leave our readers in suspense,  
though only for a week, respecting the fate of  
Jack Magennis; and we now take him up  
where we left him, playing a losing game with  
the dark gentleman.

"For what do you think, but as Jack  
was beginning the game, the dog tips him a  
wink, laying his fore claw along his nose, as  
before, as much as to say, 'Watch me, and  
you'll win,'—turning round, at the same time,  
and shewing Jack a nate little looking-glass,

\* We wonder what sort of *Gazettes* there were in those  
days of spectres and goblins?—neither Government nor  
Literary, we suspect: perhaps the phrase is an anachron-  
ism.—*Ed. L. G.*

that was set in his othter, in which Jack saw,  
dark as it was, the spots of all the other  
fellow's cards, as he thought, so that he was  
cock sure of bating him. But they were a pair  
of downright knaves, any how; for Jack, by  
playing to the cards that he saw in the looking-  
glass, instead of to them the other held in his  
hand, lost the game and the money. In short,  
he saw that he was blarnied and chated by them  
both; and when the game was up he plainly  
told them as much. 'What, you scoundrel!' says  
the black fellow, starting up and catching  
him by the collar, 'dare you go for to im-  
pache my honour?' 'Leather him if he says  
a word,' says the dog, running over on his hind  
legs, and laying his shut paw upon Jack's  
nose, 'say another word, you rascal,' says he,  
'and I'll down you;' with this the old fellow  
gives him another shake. 'I don't blame you  
so much,' says Jack to him; 'it was the look-  
ing-glass that deserved me.' 'What looking-  
glass, you knave you?' says dark-face, giving  
him a fresh haul. 'Why the one I saw under  
the dog's othter,' replied Jack. 'Under my  
othter! you swindling rascal,' replies the dog,  
giving him a pull by the other side of the  
collar; 'did ever any honest pair of jintlemen  
hear the like?—but he only wants to break  
through the agreement; so let us turn him at  
once into an ass, and then he'll brake no more  
bargains, nor strive to take in honest men and  
win their money.' So saying, the dark fellow  
drew his two hands over Jack's jaws, an' in a  
twinklin' there was a pair of ass's ears growing  
up out of his head. When Jack found this, he  
knew that he was 'n't in good hands; so he  
thought it best to get himself as well out of the  
scrape as possible. 'Jintlemen, be aisy,' says  
he, 'an let us understand one another: I'm  
very willing to sarve you for a year and a day,  
but I've one requisit to ax, and it's this: I've a  
helpless old mother at home, and if I go with  
you now, she'll brake her heart with grief first,  
and starve afterwards. Now, if your honour  
will give me a year to work hard, and lay in  
provision to support her while I'm away, I'll  
sarve you with all the veins of my heart—for a  
bargain's a bargain.' With this the dog gave  
him a companion a pluck by the skirt, and, after  
some chat together, that Jack didn't hear,  
they came back and said they would com-  
ply with his wishes that far; 'so, on to-morrow  
twelve-month, Jack,' says the dark fellow, 'the  
dog here will come to your mother's, and if you  
follow him, he'll bring you safe to my castle.'  
'Very well, your honour,' says Jack; 'but as  
dogs resemble one another so much, how will I  
know him whin he comes?' 'Why,' answers  
the other, 'he'll have a green riband about his  
neck, and a pair of Wellington boots on his  
hind legs.' 'That's enough, sir,' says Jack,  
'I can't mistake him in that dress, so I'll be  
ready.' During that year Jack wrought night  
and day, that he might be able to lave as much  
provision with his poor mother as would support  
her in his absence; and when the morning  
came that he was to bid her farewell, he went  
down on his two knees and got her blessing.  
He then left her with tears in his eyes, and  
promised to come back the very minnit his  
time would be up. 'Mother,' says he, 'be kind  
to your little family here, and feed them well,  
as they're all you'll have to keep you company  
till you see me again.' His mother then stuffed  
his pockets with bread, till they stuck out be-  
hind him, and gave him a crooked axpence for  
luck; after which, he got his staff, and was  
just ready to tramp, when, sure enough, he  
spies his old friend the dog, with the green  
riband about his neck, and the Wellington

boots upon his hind legs. He didn't go in, but waited on the outside till Jack came out. They then set off, but no one knows how far they travelled, till they reached the dark jentleman's castle, who appeared very glad to see Jack, and gave him a hearty welcome."

His adventures here are most marvellous and amusing; but we can only extract a few traits of his Irish gallantry, which is his final salvation from the troubles that encompass him.

"The next day, in consequence of his long journey, he was ax'd to do nothing; but in the course of the evening the dark chap brought him into a long frightful room, where there were three hundred and sixty-five hooks sticking out of the wall, and on every hook but one a man's head. When Jack saw this agreeable sight, his dinner began to quake within him; but he felt himself still worse, when his master pointed to the empty hook, saying, 'Now, Jack, your business to-morrow is to clane out a stable that wasn't claned for the last seven years; and if you don't have it finished before dusk,—do you see that hook?' 'Ye—yes,' replied Jack, hardly able to spake. 'Well, if you don't have it finished before dusk, your head will be hanging on that hook as soon as the sun sets.' 'Very well, your honour,' replied Jack, scarcely knowing what he said, or he wouldn't have said 'Very well' to such a bloody-minded intention, any how;—'Very well,' says he, 'I'll do my best, and all the world knows that the best can do no more.' Whilst this discourse was passing betune them, Jack happened to look to the upper end of the room, and there he saw one of the beautifullest faces that ever was seen on a woman, looking at him through a little panel that was in the wall. She had a white, snowy forehead,—such eyes, and cheeks, and teeth, that there's no coming up to them; and the clusters of dark hair that hung about her beautiful temples—by the laws, I'm afeard of falling in love with her myself, so I'll say no more about her, only that she would charm the heart of a miser. At any rate, in spite of all the ould fellow could say—heads, and hooks, and all, Jack couldn't help throwing an eye, now and then, to the panel; and, to tell the truth, if he had been born to riches and honour, it would be hard to fellow him for a good face and a good figure. 'Now, Jack,' says his master, 'go and get your supper, and I hope you'll be able to perform your task; if not, off goes your head.' 'Very well, your honour,' says Jack, again scratching it in the hoith of perplexity; 'I must only do what I can.' The next morning Jack was up with the sun, if not before him, and hard at his task; but before breakfast-time he lost all heart,—and little wonder he should, poor fellow, bekase for every one shovelful he'd throw out, there would come three more in: so that, instead of making his task less, according as he got on, it became greater. He was now in the greatest dilemmy, and didn't know how to manage; so he was driven, at last, to such an amplus, that he had no other shift for employment, only to sing *Paddeen O'Rafferty*, out of mere vexation, and dance the hornpipe trebling step to it, cracking his fingers, half mad, through the stable. Just in the middle of his tantrum, who comes to the door to call him in to his breakfast, but the beautiful crathur he saw the evening before peeping at him through the panel. At this minnit, Jack had so hated himself by the dancing, that his handsome face was in a fine glow, entirely. 'I think,' said she to Jack, with one of her own sweet smiles, 'that this is an odd way of performing your task.' 'Och, thin, 'tis you

that may say that,' replies Jack; 'but it's myself that's willing to have my head hung up any day, just for one sight of you, you darling.' 'Where did you come from?' asked the lady, with another smile that bate the first all to nothing. 'Where did I come from, is it?' answered Jack; 'why, death-alive! did you never hear of ould Ireland, my jewel?—hem—' I mane, please your ladyship's honour.' 'No,' she answered, 'where is that country?' 'Och, by the honour of an Irishman,' says Jack, 'that takes the shine!—not heard of green Erin—the Emerald Isle—the Jim of the ocean, where all the men are brave and honourable, and all the women—hem—I mane the ladies—chaste and beautiful?' 'No,' said she, 'not a word; but if I stay longer I may get you blame: come in to your breakfast, and I am sorry to find that you have done so little at your task. Your master's a man that always acts up to what he threatens; and, if you have not this stable cleared out before dusk, your head will be taken off your shoulders this night.' 'Why, then,' says Jack, 'my beautiful darl—please your honour's ladyship—if he hangs it up, will you do me the favour, a *cushla ma chree*, to turn my head toards that same panel where I saw a sartin fair face that I wont mintion; and if you do, may I never—' 'What means *cushla ma chree*?' inquired the lady, as she turned to go away. 'It manes that you're the pulse of my heart, avourneen, please your ladyship's reverence,' says Jack. 'Well,' said the lovely crathur, 'any time you speak to me in future, I would rather you would omit terms of honour, and just call me after the manner of your own country; instead, for instance, of calling me your ladyship, I would be better pleased if you called me *cushla*—something.' 'Cushla ma chree, ma vourneen—the pulse of my heart—my darling,' said Jack, constherin it (the thief) for her, for fraid she wouldn't know it well enough. 'Yes,' she replied, '*cushla ma chree*; well, as I can pronounce it, a *cushla ma chree*, will you come in to your breakfast?' said the darling, giving Jack a smile, that would be enough, any day, to do up the heart of an Irishman. Jack, accordingly, went after her, thinking of nothing except herself; but on going in he could see no sign of her, so he sat down to his breakfast, though a single ounce the poor fellow couldn't ate, at that bout, for thinking of her. Well, he went again to his work, and thought he'd have better luck; but it was still the ould game—three shovelfuls would come in for every one he'd throw out; and now he began, in earnest, to feel something about his heart that he didn't like, bekase he couldn't, for the life of him, help thinking of the three hundred and sixty-four heads and the empty hook. At last he gave up the work entirely, and took it into his head to *make himself scarce* from about the ould fellow's castle, altogether; and, without more to do, he sets off, never saying as much as 'good bye' to his master; but he hadn't got as far as the lower end of the yard, when his ould friend, the dog, steps out of a kennel, and meets him full butt in the teeth. 'So, Jack,' says he, 'you're going to give us leg bail, I see; but walk back with yourself, you spalpeen, this minnit, and join your work, or if you don't,' says he, 'it'll be worse for your health. I'm not so much your enemy now as I was, bekase you have a friend in coort that you know nothing about; so just do whatever you are bid, and keep never minding.' Jack went back with a heavy heart, as you may be sure, knowing that, whenever the black cur began to blarney him, there was no good to come in his way. He accordingly went into

the stable, but consuming to the hand's turn he did, knowing it would be only useless; for, instead of clearing it out, he'd be only filling it. It was now near dinner-time, and Jack was very sad and sorrowful, as how could he be otherwise, poor fellow, with such a bloody-minded ould chap to dale with? when up comes the darling of the world again, to call him to his dinner. 'Well, Jack,' says she, with her white arms so beautiful, and her dark clusters tossed about by the motion of the walk—'how are you coming on at your task?' 'How am I coming on, is it? Och, thin,' says Jack, giving a good-humoured smile through the frown that was on his face, 'please your lady—a *cushla ma chree*—it's all over with me; for I've still the same story to tell, and off goes my head, as sure as it's on my shoulders, this blessed night.' 'That would be a pity, Jack,' says she, 'for there are worse heads on worse shoulders; but will you give me the shovel?' 'Will I give you the shovel, is it? Och, thin, wouldn't I be a right big baste to do the likes of that, any how?' says Jack; 'what! *avourneen dheelish*! to stand up with myself, and let this hard shovel into them beautiful, soft, white hands of your own! Faith, my jewel! if you knew but all, my mother's son's not the man to do such a disgraceful turn, as to let a lady like you take the shovel out of his hand, and be standing with his mouth under his nose, looking at you—not myself, *avourneen*! we have no such ungenteel manners as that in our country.' 'Take my advice, Jack,' says she, pleased in her heart at what Jack said, for all she didn't purtend it—'give me the shovel, and depend upon it, I'll do more in a short time to clear the stable, than you would for years.' 'Why, then, *avourneen*! it goes to my heart to refuse you; but, for all that, may I never see yesterday, if a taste of it will go into your purty white fingers,' says the thief, praising her to her face all the time—'my head may go off, any day, and welcome; but death before dishonour. Say no more, darling; but tell your father I'll be in to my dinner immediately.' Notwithstanding all this, by jingo, the lady would not be put off; like a r-al woman, she'd have her way; so on telling Jack that she didn't intend to work with the shovel, at all, at all, but only to take it for a minute in her hand, at long last he gave it to her, when she struck it three times on the threshold of the door, and, giving it back into his hand, told him to try what he could do. Well, sure enough, now there was a change; for, instead of three shovelfuls coming in, as before, when he threw one out, there went nine more along with it. Jack, in coorse, couldn't do less than thank the lovely crathur for her assistance; but when he raised his head to speak to her, she was gone. I needn't say, howsoever, that he went into his dinner with a light heart; and when the ould fellow axed him how he was coming on, Jack told him that he was doing gloriously. 'Remember the empty hook, Jack,' said he. 'Never fear, your honour,' answered Jack; 'if I don't finish my task, you may bob my head off any time.' Jack now went out, and was a short time getting through his job, for before the sun set it was finished; and he came into the kitchen, ate his supper, and, sitting down before the fire, sung 'Love among the roses,' and the 'Black Joke,' to vex the ould fellow."

What the other trials were, we leave to the imagination of our readers, which we fancy will hardly let them rest till they get hold of these stories, and gratify their laudable curiosity. They will not be disappointed either of

drollery or curious traits of national manners and feelings. In justice to the writer, and to shew that his reflective mind is as competent to take original and enlarged views as to describe localities, we shall conclude with a brief extract from the opening of the second volume, which strikes us as being particularly happy.

"It has been long laid down as a universal principle, that self-preservation is the first law of nature. An Irishman, however, has nothing to do with such a law; he disposes of that as he does of the rest, and washes his hands of it altogether. But commend him to a fair, dance, funeral, or wedding, or to any other sport where there is a likelihood of getting his head or his bones broken, and if he survives, he will remember you with a kindness peculiar to himself, to the last day of his life—will drub you from head to heel, if he finds that any misfortune has kept you out of a row beyond the usual period of three months—will render the same service to any of your friends that stand in need of it; or, in short, go to the world's end, or fifty miles further, as he himself would say, to serve you."

The context and illustration of this position are admirable.

*The Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. V. Natural Philosophy: Mechanics.* By Captain H. Kater, V.P. R.S., and the Rev. D. Lardner, LL.D., F.R.S. London, Longman and Co.

*The Cabinet Cyclopædia* has here struck into a new path, and with the utmost success; as might well have been anticipated from the talent employed in exploring it. Captain Kater has supplied those portions which treat of balances and pendulum, the instruments on which the measurement of weight and time depends; and Dr. Lardner himself the remainder of this valuable volume, which, though replete with philosophical information of the highest order in mechanics, is adapted to ordinary capacities in a way to render it at once intelligible and popular. This is a great advantage derived from procuring scientific essays from those who are not only masters of the particular subject in hand, but equally qualified to instruct the world in the general circle which connects all sciences the one with another. Thus we find a pouring out of knowledge, and a mass of illustration, which is far different from the too common class of publications, that are got up, manufactured we may say, for the occasion, the writer or compiler merely making himself acquainted with as much of the matter assigned for his work as may enable him to recast the old materials into a new shape, without adding one scintilla to the original stock. It is not so, when superior abilities are brought to bear upon the given point; they not only illustrate and exhaust it, but throw light upon all its collateral associations: and such is the volume before us,—a production of the greatest merit, and containing the latest and most valuable information on mechanical properties and powers. Although such a production does not afford much room for quotation, we shall give one short paragraph, to shew that when teaching philosophy, a lesson of what is useful in every-day life is also imparted.

"It frequently happens that the stopper of a glass bottle or decanter becomes fixed in its place so firmly, that the exertion of force sufficient to withdraw it would endanger the vessel. In this case, if a cloth, wetted with hot water, be applied to the neck of the bottle, the glass will expand, and the neck will be

enlarged, so as to allow the stopper to be easily withdrawn."

There are many similar remarks; but one is sufficient to shew the character of the work.

*The Last Days of Bishop Heber.* By Thomas Robinson, A.M. 8vo. pp. 355. Printed at Madras. Reprinted, London, 1830. Jennings and Chaplin.

THE great popularity of the memoirs, &c. of Bishop Heber has led to this publication—an addendum to the tide. Mr. Robinson was his chaplain, is now archdeacon of Madras, and has here preserved some more threads of the mantle which has been so much admired. From his account of the death of the Bishop, it seems difficult to determine whether it proceeded from apoplexy, or drowning in the bath. There is much of missionary zeal in this volume.

*Sermons on the Dangers and Duties of a Christian, &c.* By the Rev. Erskine Neale, B.A. 8vo. pp. 283. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THERE is much curious matter in this book; for the sermons are the least remarkable part of it. In introductory remarks, and other miscellanea, the author shews himself a zealous churchman; but makes admissions, and argues cases, which we think the dissenting interests might impugn with considerable effect.

*Sermons.* By the Rev. S. Pope, M.A. 12mo. pp. 177. London, 1830. Rivington and Hatchard.

THE curate of St. Mary's, Lambeth, in this little volume inculcates stricter principles than the living world around him acknowledge. Whether he is over-righteous or not, we must leave to others: he seems sincere, which is a great point.

*Bower's History of the University of Edinburgh.* 8vo. Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh, Oliphant; Waugh and Innes: London, J. Murray.

WHEN the third volume of this work was recently presented to us, we mentioned in our favourable notice of that portion of the production that we could not form a competent judgment of the whole, as we had not seen the former volumes. This desideratum the publishers have since politely supplied; and upon the general consideration we will repeat our praise of the history as a diligent record. The London University appears to be modelled on the same plan as the Edinburgh—a school of science, without reference to religious opinions; and this circumstance gives an additional interest to the work before us. Still, the biographies are the most valuable portions of the work.

*Microscopic Illustrations of a few new popular and diverting Living Objects, with their Natural History, &c.* By C. R. Goring, M.D., and A. Pritchard. 8vo. London, 1830. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

THIS curious volume contains enlarged coloured engravings of the extraordinary creatures which the improved principle of microscopes exhibit to the wondering gaze. As we have before noticed these monsters, in glancing at the Quarterly Journal of Science, and on other occasions, we shall now only repeat, that they are marvellous in the extreme, and their natural history, as far as ascertained, not less remarkable.

*Anecdotal Reminiscences of distinguished Literary and Political Characters.* By Leigh Cliffe, Esq. Author of "Margaret Curzon," "Parga," &c. 12mo. pp. 268. London, 1830. R. and S. A. Bielefeld; Simpkin and Marshall.

A PRODUCTION of this kind (anecdotes and traits of individuals now living or only recently removed from amongst us) must be liable to objections, if every tale be not favourable to those concerned. Accordingly, we think, some of these pages might have been omitted with advantage: of the rest, some are so-so, some poor, some tolerable, and some good. We quote two paragraphs which are most new to us:—

"*The Margrave of Anspach.*—At one of the gay parties at Brandenburg House, a gentleman by some accident had the misfortune to break one of the magnificent pier-glasses with which the apartment was ornamented. He felt exceedingly confused, and knew not what to say in apology for his awkwardness, till he was relieved by the amiable consideration of the margrave, who, pushing the decanter towards the gentleman, observed kindly, that 'where the glass stands there is no mirth.'"

"*An honest Bookseller.*—Mr. Robson, of Bond Street, was at one time persuaded to take a partner in his business, who advanced a handsome sum of money on the articles being signed. The profits were increased to a degree which had not been anticipated, and it was supposed that Mr. Robson, when the first quarter's accounts were made up, would be highly gratified at the impulse which had been given to his trade. But the contrary was the case—he declared that he did not conceive such great profits could be obtained fairly, and dissolved the partnership, to the surprise of every person, who thought he, for once in his life, had lost his senses."

*The Family Library, No. XII.: Southey's Life of Nelson.* J. Murray.

SOUTHEY'S *Life of Nelson* needs no comment: it is one of the most popular biographies in our language; and this new edition of it is an ornament even to the *Family Library*.

*The Works of John Webster, now first collected; with some Account of the Author, and Notes.* By the Rev. Alexander Dyce, B.A. 4 vols. London, 1830. Pickering.

THE perseverance and the zeal of Mr. Pickering in reproducing the sterling works of the earlier and vigorous times of English literature, is most deserving of praise; nor can we do less than extend the eulogy to the neatness, it may be called beauty or elegance, with which he revives these works. This edition of the celebrated dramatist Webster is worthy of his press; and the interest of the author will not be diminished by the renewal of his claim upon public attention. Webster, forming himself upon Marston, is unquestionably one of our best painters of manners; and if he had only written Westward and Co., (in which, however, he had Dekker's aid,) he would have deserved to be a favourite with every curious and inquiring reader: and when we consider that, independently of his vivid local traits, he abounds in poetical beauties, (not debased by any of the very gross coarsenesses so familiar to his age,) we shall find more reason to commend Mr. Dyce's labours to the favour of all literary persons. The publication is an indispensable addition to every good collection of our national literature.



*Derwentwater: a Tale of 1715.* 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. W. Kidd.

EVIDENTLY the production of a young writer, it is also evidently the production of a clever one: there are several characters of considerable originality, and many scenes written with a vivacity which promises much for the author's future efforts. The study of good models is recommended to all youthful writers; but, like all other good things, it may be carried to an excess: our present candidate for public favour shews excellent taste in his evident admiration of Sir Walter Scott; but this admiration has led to too direct imitation. We also think him quite mistaken, in supposing that filling page after page with the barbarous dialect of Northumberland could be entertaining to the mass of readers. Nothing but the extreme popularity of Scott would, we think, ever have reconciled his English admirers to the introduction of his native tongue so much; though, for the use of the Scotch, there were reasons, of no avail in the present instance: the Scotch is the language of a nation spoken equally by the lower and higher classes, and has a standard literature of its own; whereas the Northumbrian speech is but the barbarous corruption of the lower classes, whose only characteristic is its vulgarity.

*The Jewish Maiden: a Novel.* By the Author of "Ambition." 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. Newman and Co.

REALLY a prettily told story, and the heroine Miriam a very sweet creature.

*Chronicles of a School-Room.* By Mrs. S. C. Hall, Editor of the "Juvenile Forget-Me-Not." London, 1830. F. Westley and A. H. Davis.

WE are quite fascinated with this little volume. It is written for that age when the child, ripening into the girl, adds to naturally quick feeling and lively thought, somewhat of seriousness from memory, and of the deeper shade cast by approaching womanhood. It is a difficult period for the writer, one at which the error of the imagination has most powerful effect; when stronger interest is required than the simple narrative, and when the knowledge of good and evil is most dangerous and most necessary. This is truly the task of a woman; and Mrs. Hall has executed it delightfully. Touching and natural, the tales are riveting as stories; while the narration derives every possible advantage from graceful language, snatches of picturesque description—those little home truths, put so simply but so forcibly—and observations, as just in their sentiment as they are elegant in expression. For example, how true are the following!—"We are too apt to think that we confer obligations when we only perform our duty; and this occasions us sometimes to overrate our exertions." "I am certain that there is no habit or propensity which cannot be overcome, if the person be conscious of the error, and anxious to amend; and the eagerness, the longing after perfection, and, at all sacrifices, endeavouring to attain it, is the unerring proof of a mind of a superior cast. The proud (in common parlance), the selfish, the mean, the giddy, are incapable of such an exertion." "Children, if unsophisticated, have a wonderful knack of manufacturing pleasures for themselves: give them a few simple materials, and not too much leisure, and they will make themselves happy in their own simple way."

Most cordially do we agree in the disap-

probation expressed of children's balls—not the dance of mirthfulness and animated exercise, but that of display and dress: parents too much neglect the happiness of their offspring, in not keeping children children as long as possible. Again we give these *Chronicles* our unqualified praise; we congratulate the author, but still more her young readers, to whom they will be at once a great treat and a great benefit.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE DRAMA IN PARIS.

AMONG the dramatic novelties described by one of our Paris correspondents, at greater length than we have room to detail, are a three-act comedy, in prose, entitled *Le Duel-liste*, in rehearsal at the Théâtre Français; and it is said that an ex-ministerial personage, and an unfortunate individual long known in Paris by the appellation of *l'homme à la longue barbe*, figure among the *dramatis personæ*. Most of our countrymen who have visited Paris have probably seen the last-mentioned singular character, whose real name is Chodruc Duclos; and to those who have not seen him, it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of his outward and visible man. His costume is the *recherche* (if I may so call it) of raggedness and filth, and his whole appearance the *beau idéal* of vagabondage. From sunrise to sunset he may be seen parading the long galleries of the Palais Royal, with the slow, monotonous march of old Father Time, to whom his venerable gray beard, and the not undignified sternness of his aspect, may be supposed to give him additional resemblance.

An agreeable tale of Zchokke, who is designated by the flattering title of the Swiss Walter Scott, has furnished the incidents of *Le Mariage du Défunt*, a little one-act comedy, performed at the theatre of the Ambigu Comique.

Another, entitled *Le Mari à neuf Femmes*, and which can boast but slender claims to originality, has been represented at the Théâtre des Nouveautés. The hero of the piece, an honest sailor established in Mexico, and, like his *caste*, rather given to polygamy, has, in the course of his different voyages, contrived to pick up a wife at every port. The Mexican tribunals, instead of mercifully hanging him for his uxorious propensities, condemn him to live with his nine muses. The *ménage* is, however, by no means visited with the harmony of the sacred nine, and the poor husband, glutted with his dose of conjugal tribulations, sails for England with a tenth wife, his cook-maid, who rules the roast which she formerly basted, "and dines from off the plate she lately washed." The juxtaposition of so many Ariadnes on the stage produced some lively scenes.

*Les Accidens*, a farce founded on the petty miseries of human life, has been brought out at the Théâtre de la Gaîté; and the authors of *Neugate* have furnished the Porte St. Martin theatre with a new melodrame, entitled *Armand et Stéphanie*.

*Arved, ou les Représailles*, a very successful drama, in two acts, has been represented at the Théâtre du Vaudeville. The leading incident reposes on a slight historical foundation; but much of the plot has been borrowed from a drama performed some fifteen years ago at the Odéon theatre, and from Cooper's novel of *Lionel Lincoln*.

In this hasty theatrical review the performances of M. Comte's juvenile actors are not the least deserving of honourable mention. Many a veteran stager might take a valuable hint

from the *naïveté* of certain of these embryo Talmas and Fleurys, who have not yet attained the dignity of their teens.

Armand, of the Théâtre Français, who has long been unrivalled in the higher walks of genteel comedy, has retired from the stage.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

LORD STANLEY, President, in the chair.—A paper by John Morgan, Esq., entitled, "a further description of the mammillary organs of the kangaroo," was read. This paper may be considered a continuation of one by the same author, which appeared in the first part of vol. 16th of the Society's *Transactions*: its object is to illustrate the various changes which take place during the period of gestation; for which purpose the author obtained a living female kangaroo on the 28th of October last; the pouch of which contained a young one adhering to the marsupial teat: the offspring was about the size of a small rat, entirely destitute of hair, and of a light flesh colour; it was constantly lubricated by a viscid, moist secretion, which was also spread over the interior of the pouch. It appears that in the earlier periods of life the young immediately die on being separated from the marsupial teat, and that they do not derive support from this organ in the usual way, viz. by suction; but that, on the contrary, the nourishment is ejected by the mother into the adhering mouth.

##### ELECTIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 30.—Mr. Birt read a paper, accompanied by a diagram, in which he attempted to shew the motion of the solar system through space, and the phenomena consequent thereon, assuming as his postulate, that the motion is curvilinear, and that the diameter of the sun's orbit is sensible at the distance of the nearest fixed star. Dr. Walker read a paper on (*vulgo*) the lightning before death; and instanced a remarkable case of a woman who, for a long period, had been perfectly unconscious of passing events, and even of the presence of her nearest relatives, being suddenly aroused to consciousness by the funeral preparations of her son: she died shortly after.

A paper was read from the Chevalier Aldini on his method of resisting fire; also on the application of galvanism in cases of suspended animation.

##### TUSCAN EXPEDITION INTO EGYPT.

Florence, Feb. 6, 1830.

THE scientific expedition to Egypt, set on foot by our government, closed its quarantine on the 7th ultimo, and a few days afterwards its members paid their respects to the grand duke. It is gratifying to be enabled to communicate a general notice of the collections they have made. They have brought with them no fewer than thirteen hundred drawings of the most interesting basso-reliefs, which they met with on the exterior and in the interior of Egyptian monuments; many of them being coloured after the originals. Such a harvest as this is a very sufficient proof of the industry of Messieurs Ricci, G. Rosellini, and G. Angeli, the gentlemen to whom the investigations were intrusted. Some of these drawings refer to the history, some to the religion, and others to the public and private life, of the ancient Egyptians. The former contain not only very valuable and unexpected illustrations of the earliest periods of Egyptian history, but of the annals of the most celebrated nations of Asia and Africa, in times which precede the

records of written history. The expedition has also brought a rich store of remains, the results of excavations, made under its directions, in various parts, but particularly in the plains of Thebes. They consist of a series of basso-reliefs of a historical and funeral nature; of a monolite of granite, which was used as a tabernacle in the great temple on the island of Philæ; of a large sarcophagus of beautiful limestone, covered with sculptures; of eight valuable mummies; a superb collection of vases, made of burnt clay, alabaster, or other stone; a quantity of smaller articles, molten, or of gold or stone, which either ornamented or represented the symbols of worship; several small columns of wood and stone; and, lastly, a variety of fragments of walls, covered with ancient Egyptian paintings in fresco.

It is a sensible drawback upon the gratification which the success of this undertaking has afforded, that it has been attended with the loss of Professor Raddi, who was associated with it in the capacity of a naturalist. This eminent and indefatigable individual died of a dysentery, after he had completed his excursions through Egypt, Nubia, and the shores of the Red Sea. An abundant collection of subjects in natural history was the fruit of his undaunted researches. His loss is greatly enhanced by the amiability of his moral character.

#### ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THE brig Annawan has sailed from New York on a three years' voyage. This vessel belongs to a company, and has been fitted out for scientific and commercial purposes. She is destined for the frozen regions of the antarctic pole, and her construction is admirably calculated to encounter the perils of those seas. The Annawan is commanded by Captain Palmer, a skilful navigator, known by the discovery of a continent, or group of considerable islands, near the antarctic pole. He has for a partner in his enterprise Captain Pendleton, commanding the Seraph, a vessel of equal size. The latter is the same who was to serve as chief pilot in the great national voyage which was so much talked of, but which has never been executed. The crew of the two vessels, amounting to fifty men, is composed of stout young fellows, sons of Connecticut farmers: of several of them it is the first voyage. Among the remarkable particulars of the equipment, are the means, as simple as ingenious, by which the ships' boats can be in a moment transformed into sledges for crossing the ice. The Lyceum of Natural History at New York eagerly contributed to the preparation of this fine enterprise. Dr. James Light, of Albany, a distinguished member of that body, is attached to the expedition in the quality of naturalist. Mr. Reynolds, known by his active perseverance in calling the attention of Congress to an expedition of the same kind, directs the commercial part of it. A library of several hundred volumes, and a collection of valuable instruments, were the generous presents of some of the citizens of New York. All the arrangements for the expedition were confided to the care of Captain Edmund Fanning, the agent of the South Sea company; and it is hoped that the voyage will be productive of very important results.

#### INGENIOUS ARTS: BERRY'S PATENTS.

It has frequently been remarked, how much our comfort, and even our happiness, depends on slight and trivial things—a hair will turn the scale, and life or death often hang upon

the accident of an instant. We always, therefore, look with complacency upon the efforts of ingenious men to apply the principles daily developing, by our progress in chemical and mechanical knowledge, to useful or elegant purposes; and to do our duty by advancing them with the public. Thus we brought into general notice Mr. Pratt's admirable inventions for beds, chairs, &c., as well as travelling apparatus, on various extremely convenient plans, and stuffed with iron-wire, the most elastic of materials; and on former occasions we spoke of the less bulky, but not less clever, application of caoutchouc, by Mr. Berry, to many beneficial purposes. From samples of his skill now before us, we observe that he has made such improvements upon these articles as well to merit a further mark of our approbation. We take up a scent-bottle, with the paradoxical description of being "*stopped without a stopper*;" but it is nevertheless not only true, but remarkably neat and perfect. The little silver top contains a ground glass revolving plate, embedded in the yielding caoutchouc, and the mere act of screwing it on, so effectually stops the bottle, that salts of the subtlest kind are hermetically sealed. The same principle to medicine bottles is of great value, for even sulphuric acid can be preserved by it in the hottest climates; not to mention the merit of enabling us to get instantaneous access to the contents,—no stoppers fixed in irremovably, no trouble or agitation in hurrying for a remedy. A second application of Mr. Berry's means is to portable ink-stands or bottles, in small and handsome wooden cases: these are of all forms, and so contrived as to keep the fluid in a state of lasting safety, neither to be spilled, wasted, nor dried up. For the travelling writing-case, or the pocket, we have seen nothing so complete. But the chief of these curious and skilful productions are sundry sorts of lamps, which may be ignited in a few seconds, some by simply dipping matches into receptacles preserved by the caoutchouc, others by opening tiny boxes, where the mere act of opening supplies the source of light, the means of lighting, and the candle to be lighted; and a third, the most interesting of the whole, a self-illuminating apparatus, where, by pulling a silken string, you instantaneously inflame a wick, which is struck by a loosened reel. Though not complex, yet the detail of this piece of ingenuity would require more of our space than we can afford to spare; and we must therefore request our readers to see the thing itself, and be convinced of its extraordinary value to the man of business, the student, and the invalid.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.\*

AT the meeting of the 7th inst., a memoir was read on the "*Grecian Rose*," as illustrating the imagery of the odes ascribed to Anacreon, with a view to determine the authenticity of those compositions.

The flower described with such extravagant encomiums by the author of these odes, under the name of *ῥόδον*, is unquestionably the same fragrant and beautiful production of the garden, which is known at the present time as the rose. It was the object of Dr. Nolan, the learned writer of this memoir, to state the grounds upon which he coincides in opinion with those critics who, from this circumstance, refuse to acknowledge those elegant effusions

\* Though the report of a learned Society, we might almost call this "*The Romance of the Rose*."—Ed.

as the genuine works of the Teian bard. The following is a sketch of the arguments adduced by Dr. Nolan, with this view.

1. The rose, as described in the Anacreontic odes, and as familiarly known in modern times, is acknowledged to be the product of cultivation; the original plant, from which all our varieties have proceeded, being the common wild-briar. Such is the rose which Theophrastus describes in his History of Plants, as alone commonly known in Greece: and although the process by which the simple blossom of the wild-briar is converted into the fine double rose, does not appear to have been altogether unknown to that naturalist, yet the language he uses in speaking of the artificial production implies that he had never had an opportunity of seeing it. This testimony is confirmed by the accounts which have come down to us of the state of horticulture among the Greeks; that people having been wholly unacquainted with gardens, in the modern sense of the term, before the time of Epicurus. Further evidence to the same purpose is derived from the fact, that the garlands used by the Greeks upon festive occasions were composed of such ordinary plants and herbs as myrtle, coriander, feverfew, parsley, &c.: the custom of interweaving them with flowers was not introduced before the 100th olympiad. Such likewise was the composition of the crowns celebrated by the early lyrist, including the genuine remains of Anacreon, preserved by Athenæus. The period when Theophrastus published his work, in which he gives the above account of the rose, as known to the Greeks, at which period the horticultural art was in a state quite incapable of producing flowers corresponding in beauty and fragrance with those celebrated in the odes, was the 116th olympiad; while the period when Anacreon flourished cannot be brought lower than the 65th, being a difference of more than two centuries.

2. While, however, the cultivated rose appears not to have existed in Greece in the age of Anacreon, the term (*ῥόδον*) afterwards applied to this flower, was in use not only at that period, but even in the times of Homer. The second part of Dr. Nolan's memoir was therefore devoted to ascertaining the particular flower to which the term was originally applied.

The word *ῥόδον* is of oriental derivation: its elements are employed by the Hebrew writers, and by Homer, to express not specifically the rose, but generally any flower used in dyeing; in this sense it was applied to the lily, the plant madder, the privet, &c. On assuming that the rose was the first flower to which it was applied, and the type from which all others so termed derived their appellation, it is inconceivable that these plants should have been at all termed roses, and inexplicable that they should have been called, as was the case, the dog rose, the red rose, and the white rose; but on the supposition that the term signified a dye-flower, no name so appropriate could be applied to them as the dog dye-flower, the red dye-flower, and the white dye-flower; they having all been employed in the art of dyeing. The flower which assumed to itself, *καὶ ῥόδον*, the name of the dye-flower *ῥόδον*, was the blossom of the pomegranate, or balastium. The dye extracted from this flower was red; and hence the word appears to have been applied to all flowers of a red colour. We learn from the scholiast on Pindar, that it was from its being celebrated for its dyes, which were obtained from the pomegranate, that the island

of Rhodes received its name. Should, however, any reasonable doubt be entertained respecting the signification ascribed to the term under consideration, it is certain that the plant, whatever it was, to which it was assigned, obtained but a moderate share of admiration—if we except the suspected odes, in which a flower so called, corresponding to our modern rose, is celebrated with an excessive and unexampled partiality.

The balaustium having been superseded in its application to the art of dyeing by the brighter colour drawn from the murex, gradually sank into oblivion; while the rose, obtaining increased attention, fixed the general admiration, and finally appropriated the name which it at first received by adoption. Shortly after the publication of Theophrastus' History of Plants, at which time it was comparatively little known, its cultivation was extensively spread, and the partiality for it fully established. From Greece the "garden queen" found its way into the Italian soil; and, through France, was spread over all the west; while its reception into every European garden was accompanied by the adoption of its name into all the European languages.

"The argument," Dr. Nolan concluded, "which I have thus offered as a test by which the authenticity of the odes passing under Anacreon's name may be tried, whatever estimate may be formed of its weight, has so little to encounter from the evidence advanced in their support, that it derives from it the fullest confirmation. On the evidence of a manuscript of the tenth century, and the quotation of one ode by Aulus Gellius, the most learned of their advocates,\* rests their pretensions. In turning to the testimony of these vouchers, which reflect mutual light on each other, I have always found it difficult to restrain my wonder, that it has been ever challenged in their favour. When tried by this evidence, nothing seems more clear than that they must be adjudged to some person different from the reputed author; while they exhibit that similarity among themselves, and likeness to the specimen preserved by Aulus Gellius, which proves them the production of the same hand; in the first, the last, and the twentieth ode, the author, in the most unequivocal manner, assumes the character of a mere imitator of Anacreon. The very title which he has prefixed to the entire collection leaves the claims of that poet to the merit of giving them birth something less than ambiguous. And between this title and the notice with which A. Gellius prefaces the ode which he quotes, there exists that similarity which discloses the source whence it was adopted."

#### FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

[Fourth notice.]

No. 448. *Studying Tragedy*. R. Farrier.—Studying, call you this, Mr. Farrier? what then is your acting? It must be downright murder at least. In the bare reading of her part, the heroine, while under the hands of her alarmed female attendant, has fractured a mirror, and crushed a band-box. If energy be sufficient to ensure theatrical success, we will answer for her triumph. The figures in the back ground are well conceived, but they are too much made out for the distant situation which they occupy.

No. 377. *Mount Ararat, from the Plain of*

\* Fischer.

*Erivan—Sunset*. J. B. Fraser.—There is so much of the extraordinary both in character and in effect in this picture, that it is impossible to contemplate it without deep interest. The simple and the sublime unite to impress the mind with feelings in accordance with the early and awful events with which the mountain's name is associated. Nor can we doubt the fidelity of the representation, when we remark the talent displayed in every part of the performance.

No. 395. *An Artist's Study*. — Lonsdale, jun.—The details in this little work are carefully and well painted; and several of them shew an excellent eye for colour. The knowledge which the young artist is acquiring in Rome will, no doubt, impart to him greater skill in the arrangement and composition of his materials.

No. 374. *The Ghost Story*. H. Liverseige.—We have no dislike to a ghost story; it is better than a tale of scandal, or the jargon of politics; and, for the pencil, there are few subjects of more exciting interest. In this performance the artist has been eminently successful, as well in the shrewd expression of the story-teller, as in the wonder-stricken rustic, and the listening and attentive female. The whole is in excellent keeping; and the execution throughout is highly finished, without the loss of any spirit, either in the character or in the accessories.

No. 379. *View at Hastings*. Miss H. Gouldsmith.—Whether the pencil of this lady is employed on the open and distant view (as in the present work) or on the sequestered and sheltered cottage, it is always handled with skill and taste, and invariably exhibits every requisite quality of the picturesque.

No. 384. *The Waterfall*. J. O'Connor.—Mr. O'Connor has let a little more light than usual into this beautifully romantic subject, and we think with great advantage.

No. 389. *The Fisherman's Daughter*. H. P. Parker.—The fisherman's daughter, thus represented, may vie in beauty with the prettiest belles of the day; with more of health and gaiety of heart in her expression than many of them can boast. The subject is treated much in the style of Gainsborough, although perhaps with more of care and finish.

No. 404. *The Broken Jar*. C. Landseer.—A broken head, or a broken jar, mischief, or accident,—nothing comes amiss to the artist of talent. He contrives to extract from every incident, however apparently unpromising, materials for his purpose. Mr. Landseer has here told a little domestic story with much grace and feeling.

No. 450. *Scene from the Novel of Rob Roy*. W. Kidd.—Whoever has read Rob Roy,—and who has not read it?—will immediately recognise the scene in question. Mr. Kidd has fully entered into the spirit of the narrative; but, although the introduction of the red-hot poker was indispensable, we think it would have been better had it been a little less glaring and conspicuous. It now absolutely threatens the eyes of the spectators.

No. 449. *Horses fighting*. T. Woodward.—Whatever skill may be displayed in its representation—and there is much in the present work—there is something painful and repugnant in seeing two noble and beautiful animals, under the baneful influence of rage, in the act of tearing each other to pieces. Our feeling on the subject is probably strengthened by the recollection of the charming pictures of a more tranquil character which we have admired from Mr. Woodward's pencil.

No. 471. *Scene in the New Forest*. W. Shayer.—This performance unites some of the highest qualities of landscape scenery. While in its effect it reminds us of the Flemish school, its character is purely English, and its execution is in perfect accordance with every part of the subject.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Icones Veteris Testamenti; Illustrations of the Old Testament*. Engraved on wood, from Designs by Hans Holbein. Pickering.

THIS is an admirable copy of the whole of a work, some specimens of which appeared in the first volume of the Bibliographical Decameron. It is preceded by an introduction from the pen of Mr. Douce, in which the authenticity of these "Images," as the performance of Hans Holbein, is maintained. "Not only," says Mr. Douce, "is the testimony of Vandopernus express and positive in assigning them to Hans Holbein, but the intrinsic evidence arising from the compositions themselves is not less express and positive. No man, conversant with the works of Holbein, can deprive that great man of the honour here due to his name. That it was, however, a work executed in his earlier years, and before he had quitted Basle for England, in 1526, is most certain; and if so, the original drawings were in all probability in distemper; as no well-authenticated water-coloured drawing is known to have been executed by him abroad." The introduction also contains a history of the earlier editions of the work, and a comparative estimate of the different compositions. "It only remains to observe," it is added, "that the ensuing cuts are as faithful representations of the originals as can well nigh be conceived; and that they are the united efforts of a brother and a sister, (John and Mary Byfield), engaged in the laborious profession of wood-cutters, with whose talents the public have been a long time gratified." We are happy to add our testimony to the skilful execution of the wood-cuts. They are ninety in number; and are accompanied by English, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish versions of the passages in the Old Testament which they are intended to illustrate.

Thomas Clarkson, Esq. M.A. Painted by A. E. Chalon; engraved by C. Turner. Ipswich, S. Piper: London, Colnaghi, Son, and Co.; Darton and Harvey.

A WHOLE-LENGTH and full-sized mezzotint, which does great honour to Mr. Turner, as the strong likeness also does to Mr. Chalon. The active and benevolent exertions of Mr. Clarkson have well entitled him to this mark of public estimation; and many of the friends of humanity, as well as of the arts, will be glad to possess this picture.

Sir Thomas Lawrence. Drawn on stone by C. Bestland, from the original picture painted some years since by Mr. Singleton.

THE picture alluded to above was one of the whole body of royal academicians assembled in the Council Room at Somerset House. We have no doubt that the resemblance of the late President was at the time very faithful. It strikingly exhibits the soft and pensive expression which his fine countenance in a great measure retained to the last.

The Rose Bud. Engraved by T. Wright, from an original picture by Sir T. Lawrence. Bird.

WE happen to have in our portfolio a little print, published some years ago under the title



of "Miny," engraved by C. Penny, from a miniature painted by L. Ferriere, from the original picture by Sir T. Lawrence, in the possession of Countess Cowper; of which (with the exception of a decorated border), Mr. Wright's *Rose Bud* is so perfect a facsimile, not only in size, but in expression, execution, effect, and every other quality, that we are astonished at the resemblance.

*Michael Thomas Sadler, Esq. M.P.* Painted by W. Robinson; engraved by T. Lupton. Houghton.

A FIRM, well-marked, expressive portrait; and, we have no doubt, a good resemblance of the honourable member for Newark.

*The Bud and the Blossom.* W. C. Ross del. Brooker.

A DEWITCHING lithographic print, full of sweetness and grace, and which strongly reminds us of an admirable stanza by Mr. Gaspey, in Dagley's "Takings."

"Not yet matured the charms which were her own,  
Yet n'er to be surpassed in life's full flood,  
Magnificent, I grant, the flower when blown,  
But exquisitely beautiful the bud!  
I love the blossom! and, with sorrow mute,  
Behold it fade, though fading into fruit."

*Sir Thomas Lawrence.* C. Turner, A.R.A. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

THIS is a fine likeness of the late President R.A., and admirably executed in mezzotint by Mr. C. Turner. We have hitherto met with nothing which has done so much justice to the graceful features of Lawrence, and been at the same time so creditable to the arts. A bust by Sievier is highly spoken of; but we have not yet seen it.

#### MADDOX STREET GALLERY.

IN a recent No. of the *Literary Gazette* we noticed the portion of Mr. Buchanan's valuable collection of pictures exhibiting in Regent Street, under the title of "Le Petit Louvre." The remaining portion of the collection is now exhibiting in Maddox Street, and is equally worthy of the attention of the amateur. The most striking works in the room are the magnificent paintings in fresco by Paul Veronese, taken from the walls of the Soranzo Palace, which we described a few years ago, when they were introduced to this country by Mr. Vendramini. We entirely concur in the justice of Mr. Buchanan's remarks respecting them:—"Their importation into this country may be said to form an epoch in the fine arts, as being the first objects of their class (of any importance) which have been brought to England. The grandeur and purity of their style render them worthy of every consideration; and it is to be hoped that some of them will be secured for the nation, its public schools of art, or its splendid edifices, during the short period that they may still be offered to the British public." Besides these admirable productions, there are in the Maddox Street Gallery above thirty easel pictures, of great merit, by Cornelius du Sart, Gabriel Metz, Vanderwerff (Chevalier), Schidone, Cornelius Bega, Adrian Ostade, David Teniers, Both, Van Tyssens, David Teniers jun., Paul Veronese, Vandyck, Rembrandt, Giorgione, Bassano (Giacomo), Richard Wilson, Gainsborough, Rubens, Gaspar and Nicholas Poussin, Honthorst, Willeboorts, Velasquez, De Hooze, Both and Berghem, Fyt, Steenwyck, and Luini.

#### THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

A LARGE window, composed of three hundred and fifty pieces of glass, of irregular forms and

sizes, fitted into metal frames, which are so contrived as to fall into the shadows, and give the appearance of an uninterrupted picture, is now to be seen in Oxford Street. It is painted by Mr. T. Wilmshurst, from an original sketch by Mr. R. T. Bone. The subject,—The Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold,—the last, and one of the most gorgeous exhibitions of chivalry in Europe, is too well known to our readers to render it necessary for us to describe it. Our first impression when we entered the room in which this splendid work is shewn, was, we own, rather unfavourable; in consequence of the great glare, and the want of keeping occasioned by the distant figures being diminished in size alone, and not at all, or, if at all, very little, in strength of light and shade, and vividness of colour. When, however, this first impression was abated, and we began to contemplate the picture with attention, we found in it much that was highly interesting, and admirably executed. The composition is exceedingly well contrived, and displays to advantage the illustrious persons assembled on this celebrated occasion. The furious onset of Henry, and the discomfiture of his opponent the Marquess de Fleurenges, as well as the contest between Francis and the Earl of Devonshire, are represented with great spirit and energy. The spectators in the foreground are gracefully disposed; and the pavilion, with the two queens and their respective suites, is a fine feature of the scene. It was the pleasing occupation of an hour to trace the different details, and, with the aid of the key prefixed to a description of the picture, which may be had at the room, to examine the portraits of the distinguished individuals of both sexes, whom policy, gallantry, vanity, and ostentation, concentrated in The Field of the Cloth of Gold. With the single exception to which we have already alluded, we were much gratified with this magnificent performance, which would be an appropriate ornament for the hall of some royal or national edifice.

#### ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

ON Wednesday evening was held what we understood to be the last meeting of this Society for the season; but we have since been informed that it is their intention to hold another, in place of that of which they were deprived in so melancholy a manner by the death of Sir T. Lawrence. On the present occasion we observed among the works, a superb collection of etchings from the gallery of M. Denon, of Paris; a bas-relief by Bailey, of the head of Sir T. Lawrence, intended for the set of medals of "Great Men" now working by S. Clint; a beautiful Vandervelde; a choice picture by Terburg; a head by Vandyk; Etty's celebrated "Guardian Angels;" drawings by Cattemole and Bonington; a bust of Mr. Nash, by Behnes; some beautiful characteristic drawings by Daniel, delineating most strange and romantic scenes, chiefly in the Isle of Skye; two cattle-pieces by Ward; a small model, after Canova, of Venus rising from the sea—a most delicious *morceau*; and a perfect profusion of the newest etchings and engravings.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

FIRST AND LAST.—NO. I.

*The First and Last Flower.*

FLOWER, earliest flower of spring!  
Born before thy sisters fling  
From their heads the leafy veil,  
Hiding blossoms fair and pale—

Born before the changeful sky  
Looks out with its proud blue eye  
('Tis so full of trembling glee)  
For a moment steadily,—  
Daisy floweret! how I love  
To watch thee peeping first above  
The emerald blades of springing grass  
That brighten as the breezes pass.

First fair flower! yet soon arise  
Round thee buds of brighter dyes.  
Who observes thy pensive eye  
Meekly turning to the sky?  
Who would pluck thee, whilst around  
Blossoms gaudier far are found?  
Heed it not: an hour shall come  
When they shall not alight thy bloom;  
Like the meek, retiring mind,  
Wait until the winter wind  
Shall have withered leaf and flower;  
Then shall they too feel thy power.

Flower, the latest of the year!  
Wherefore dost thou still appear?  
There thou art, a living gem  
In winter's frozen diadem!  
On the trampled turf thou art,  
Speaking deeply to the heart;  
Looking sweet, as when was burst  
Thy tiny crimson bud at first.  
Daisy flower! I look on thee  
As something half akin to me;  
Both have seen the rose's birth,  
And both have watched them drop to earth.

Last dear flower! yet dearer far  
For the thoughts, thou earth-born star,  
That thou awak'st, than for thy bloom,  
Scattered thus o'er Nature's tomb:  
Thou art like the faith that first  
In the young warm heart is nursed,  
Keeping still its hallowed ground,  
Whilst life's joys are young around,  
And blooming out in age, to bring  
The promise of another spring.

Worton Lodge, Isleworth.

M. A. BROWNE.

#### MUSIC.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*What Tongue can chide the Archer Boy?*  
Poetry by Mrs. C. B. Wilson; Music by J. Barnett. Barnett and Co.

THIS is an answer to the Archer Boy, and strongly resembles it—but wants the peculiarity which recommended its predecessor. Second thoughts, they say, are best; but it seldom happens in music or in literature that second *any things* are half so good at first.

*My own sweet Flower.* J. B. Holland, Esq.; Music by J. A. Barnett.

A VERY pretty song, doing great credit to the composer—a brother, we believe, of John Barnett.

*The Banks of the Arno.* Words by H. J. Bradfield; composed by Augustus Meves. J. Willis.

A SIMPLE and beautiful song, to which Miss Cawse has done ample justice, by singing it most chastely and sweetly. In public or in private it must give pleasure, and more in the latter than in the former.

*The Mariner's Child to his Mother.* Words by L. E. L.; composed by J. Macdonald Harris. H. Falkner.

A COMPOSITION of great variety and originality. The pathetic lines appeared in the *Juvenile Keepsake*; and the music echoes their pathos and spirit with striking fidelity.

# DRAMA.

## KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday, after the opera, (a repetition of *Matilde di Shabran e Corradino*, in consequence of Lalande's being too much fatigued by her journey to rehearse *Il Pirata*), the ballet of *La Somnambule* was produced, with Varennes as the heroine, in which she entirely failed. A nimble and graceful dancer she certainly is; but this part requires head and heart as well as heels; and we cannot forget the enchanting and pathetic Pauline. Coulon returned to his post, and acquitted himself most satisfactorily; and Malibran, in a box, appeared to enjoy the scene.

ALL the theatres, major and minor, royal and, we were about to say, rural,—but, alas! the march of bricks and mortar has left nothing of Coldbath Fields, or St. George's Fields, but the name,—all, however, have presented their Easter offerings in due season, and with appropriate exertion. The most successful, according to report, (for criticism has also a holiday on these occasions, and is contented to be pleased with the many) are those of Drury Lane and Astley's,—*The Dragon's Gift* at the former house, and *The Phantom Steed* at the latter: they are both Chinese in subject, and produced with exceeding splendour and taste. *The Wigmam*, at Covent Garden, is an adaptation from Cooper's novel of the *Pioneers*, and will probably do better when the holidays are over, as it is well got up and well acted, though not of the character looked for on Easter Monday. The real Easter piece of this theatre is its new opera, produced on the Tuesday, under the title of *Cinderella, or, the Little Glass Slipper*. Mr. Lacy is the author of the words and the adapter of the music, and has executed his task with considerable skill. The earlier scenes are beautifully painted, and the changes, decorations, &c. of the most ingenious and fanciful description. Miss Paton sang, as she always does, divinely;—she was admirably supported by Penson and Morley, both of whom have gained laurels upon this occasion. Their trio, in the second act, was the best thing of the sort, perhaps, ever heard on the English stage. Wood, though not perfectly at home in Rossini's music, manifested much improvement in his style; and Miss Hughes and Miss Cawse supported the parts of the two sisters with ability. The latter, by the by, has had several opportunities of late, owing to Mrs. Keeley's temporary retirement, and has availed herself of them to rise much in public favour. Keeley was exceedingly ludicrous as a domestic, but some lines were of a quality which might as well have been omitted. The opera was eminently successful, and deserved to be so.

## VARIETIES.

**Congress: United States.**—We learn from an authentic source, that the present House of Representatives consists of 210 members, who are thus elected:—By Maine 6, New Hampshire 6, Massachusetts 13, Rhode Island 2, Connecticut 6, Vermont 4, New York 34, New Jersey 6, Pennsylvania 23, Delaware 1, Maryland 9, Virginia 22, North Carolina 12, South Carolina 9, Georgia 7, Kentucky 12, Ohio 13, Tennessee 9, Indiana 3, Louisiana 3, Alabama 2, Illinois 1, Missouri 1, and Mississippi 1. The territories of Michigan, Arkansas, and Florida, send each of them a delegate to Congress.

**Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg.**—The Emperor of Russia has just ratified several

supplementary articles of this Society. In future it will consist of twenty-one regular or full members and ten associates: the former are to have 5000 roubles each per annum, and the latter 2,500. There are to be two academicians for mathematical theories, and one for the applications, two for astronomy, one for geography and nautical science, two for natural philosophy, one for chemistry, two for zoology, one for botany, one for mineralogy, one for comparative anatomy and physiology, one for political economy and statistics, one for history and Russian antiquities, two for Greek and Roman antiquities, and two for the history and literature of the people of Asia. The total sum allowed by the government for the use of the Academy is 206,100 roubles per annum.

**Gastronomy.**—The *Gastronomie*, a French paper, gives the following as a proper and fashionable bill of fare for twelve persons:—

### 4 Hors-d'œuvre.

Artichaux poivrés, Cornichons, Olives, Salade d'anchois.

Premier Service: Potage.  
Un vermicelle.

Relais de potage.  
Turbot, sauce aux câpres.

4 Entrées.  
Poulet au blanc.

Venu à la bourgeoise.  
Mâtrelote de carpe et Anglaise.

Filets de chevreuil, sauce piquante.

Deuxième Service: Milieu.  
Un bûche de Savoie.

2 Rôts.  
Un quartier d'agneau.

Un poulet gras au cresson.  
(Une salade).

4 Entremets.  
Petit pot de crème.

Croquettes de riz.  
Choux de Bruxelles, sautés au beurre.

Chicorée à la crème.

Troisième Service: Dessert.

2 Assiettes montées.  
Garnis de meringues, biscuits à la cuillère, macarons, petits gâteaux décorés, et mûres.

4 Compotiers.

De pommes.  
De fromage à la crème.

De poires.  
De pruneaux.

4 Assiettes de Fruits crus.

Pommes. Raisins.  
Poires. Oranges.  
(Fromage.)

**Expense of Governments.**—The following calculation has been made by a French paper of the cost of the principal monarchies of Europe to every inhabitant. The maintenance of nine European sovereigns (not including the Grand Turk) costs 189,470,000 francs, divided as follows:—Russia 45,000,000 francs; France 42,500,000; Austria 37,500,000; Spain 13,750,000; Prussia 10,937,500; Netherlands 6,500,000; England 25,000,000; Naples 5,250,000; Portugal 3,322,500. According to this calculation, the amount per head is, in Russia 88 centimes; in France 1 franc 36 cents; Austria 1 franc 34 cents; in Spain 1 franc 20 cents; in Prussia 1 franc; in the Netherlands 1 franc 20 cents; in England 1 franc 20 cents; in Naples 80 cents, and in Portugal 78 cents. The sums paid by each state, and particularly by France, out of the crown revenue, for the support of a great number of royal and public establishments, are included in this calculation.

**Russian Manufactures.**—A commercial paper of St. Petersburg has lately published various documents relative to the state of manufactures in Russia. From these it appears, that in 1828 there were in the empire 5244 manufactories of different kinds, which employed 225,414 workmen. The number of these establishments had increased 122 within the year. The rearing of fine-wooled sheep had made great progress in the direction of the Baltic, and even greater in the southern districts. M. Merenas, who acquired much knowledge in the management of silk-worms, during twenty years' residence in India, has been appointed to superintend plantations of the various trees, and other productions, necessary for their support. Measures have also been taken for improving the growth of the vine.

**Crocodile's Age!**—M. Beltrami, the author of some lately published travels in Mexico,

prides himself on being the first to make known the means of ascertaining the age of crocodiles: he says, "That a negro acquainted him with the fact, that a sort of bag is placed in the intestines of the crocodile, which always contains a number of stones corresponding with the years of its life; it being the custom of these animals to swallow a stone on their birthdays!"

**Tea of Siberia.**—M. Erman, son of the celebrated naturalist of that name at Berlin, who is now travelling in Asia, gives the following account of the tea used by the Russians in Siberia. "The leaves of different shrubs and plants (the true tea-plant being entirely omitted) are heated and curled in the same way as those of China, and are then made into hard cakes with the serum of sheep's blood. When required for use, one of these cakes is boiled with milk, butter, or mutton suet, and a very wholesome and nourishing food is obtained. This, and horse-flesh, are the principal articles of diet used in Siberia."

**Academy of Sciences.**—A considerable portion of the time devoted to the two last sittings of the Paris Academy of Sciences was taken up with the reading of papers on the organisation of fishes. One of the members read a long paper, to shew that all fishes had a marine origin; and that in the great irruption of the waters, the fishes of the sea were left in rivers, lakes, and ponds, where such as could bear the transition, and survived, propagated, and left the fresh-water species which are now known. Some of the arguments advanced in support of this position are curious, but they did not seem to be convincing.

**French Marble.**—The Paris papers inform us that some splendid specimens of native marble, found in the quarries near Aix, have lately arrived at the Louvre, where, by their beauty and hardness, they have excited great admiration.

**Parisian Statistics.**—The number of births in Paris in 1829 was 28,521, viz. 14,560 males, and 13,961 females; the number of deaths was 25,324, viz. 12,021 males, and 13,303 females. These numbers, compared with the population, give 1 birth to 28.60 inhabitants, 1 marriage to 114.62, 1 death to 30.24. In 1817 the number of births was as one to 30.05, and the deaths as 1 to 33.79.

**Egypt.**—The *Astrolabe*, which has just finished a voyage round the world, has arrived at Havre, laden with the antiquities collected by M. Champollion in Egypt. Among them is a magnificent sarcophagus, weighing 12,000 lbs., and a capital weighing 4000 lbs.

**How to smuggle in Militaire.**—The good folks of Madrid have recently enjoyed a hearty laugh over as ridiculous a farce as the annals of smuggling ever recorded. Fifteen hundred gray trousers lay in dépôt for the first regiment of the guards in the village of Carabanchel; but the worthy custodians of the city gates would not allow the articles to pass through them without paying the duty to which all merchandise brought into Madrid is liable. The colonel of the regiment, however, had no inclination to brook the ignominy, but rode restive, and, on the 14th of February, marched his men out of town and halted them at Carabanchel. Here they stripped themselves of their under-garments, and, lodging them in their knapsacks, attired themselves in the new inexpressibles; this done, they marched back to their barracks, drums beating and colours flying, under the noses of the baffled fiscalists.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XVI. April 17.]  
The Apology of Hippocrates, with a Free Version and Notes.—Gregory's Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ, to be published in Numbers.—A second volume of the British Naturalist.—A new edition of the Stories of Popular Travels in South America.—Oxford English Prize Essays, now first collected.—A Disquisition on the Geography of Herodotus, with a Map; and Researches on the History of the Scythians, Getae, and Sarmatians, from the German of Niebuhr.—A Manual of the History of Philosophy, translated from the German of Tennemann.—Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse, and Commerce, of the Principal Nations of Antiquity, translated from the German of A. H. L. Heeren; and also Professor Herken's Manual of the History of the European States-System and their Colonies.—The Arrow and the Rose, and other Poems, by William Kennedy, whose preceding productions displayed so much poetical genius.—The Author of "Pelham" has in the press a new novel, to be called Paul Clifford.—Colonel Bory de St. Vincent has been appointed by the French Ministry of the Interior to edit a work on Greece; and having directed the first expedition in the Morea, he will probably be able to furnish many particulars relative to that country. The book is expected shortly.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Warner's Literary Recollections, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 6s. bds.—Britton's Bristol Cathedral, 4to. 11. 4s.; Imperial 4to. 31. 2s. bds.—Brady's Instructions to Executors, 3d edition, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Auldjo's Mont Blanc, 2d edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Munk's Life of Bentley, with Portrait, 4to. 3s. bds.—Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, Fossil Re- mains, 10. 11s.; royal 8vo. 21. 14s.; demy 4to. 31. 12s. bds.—Burrows's Hours of Devotion, translated from the German, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Dean Graves's Sermons, 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—De Morgan's Arithmetic, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Penwick's Parisian Grammar, 12mo. 3s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Kantke, a Tale of the Drury; and other Poems, 18mo. 5s. bds.—Darwall's Plain Instructions for Management of Infants, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—French and English Dialogues on the Literal System, 12mo. 4s. bds.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ The late arrival of Sir Walter Scott's volume has obliged us to displace for a week several of our Reviews and Notices: we have only room to mention, among our latest, the Creation, the Atheniad, Part II. of the Fall of Nineveh, and other poetical works of merit; an edition of the Pilgrim's Progress in a style worthy of Major, the publisher of Isaac Walton; the Life of Dr. Bentley, by Dr. Monk, Dean of Peterborough, and a production of great interest; Three Courses and a Desert, with a multitude of wood-cuts which reflect honour even on the grotesque humour of Cruikshank, and on the art of Vandyke and Brantson; Picture of India, &c. We cannot oblige "Mine Enemy" with insertion; nor can we find room for the fragment of W. G. H.: Y. Z. is too long; and Beppo not short enough. The Sword of Bruce, though spirited, wants some polish.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Decayed Artists, their Widows, and Orphans.

The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers, are respectfully informed, that the Fifteenth Anniversary Festival will be celebrated in Freemason's Hall, on Saturday, the 24th instant.  
The Right Honourable the EARL of ABERDEEN, K.T. in the Chair.

Stewards.  
Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart.  
M.P.  
Sir Harry Verney, Bart.  
Martin Archer Shee, Esq.  
F.R.S.  
John Jackson, Esq. R.A.  
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C. B. Cockerell, Esq.  
J. C. Denham, Esq.  
William John Donthorne, Esq.

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Tickets (including wine), 11s. 1s. each, may be had of the Stewards; the Assistant Secretary, 14, Duke Street, Portland Place; and at the Freemasons' Tavern.

W. J. ROPER, Assistant Secretary.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday, the 24th instant, preparatory to the Exhibition of the principal Works of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. The

Exhibition for the Sale of the Works of living British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, is now open to the Public, from Nine till Six.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.  
R. B. DAVIS, Secretary.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, will open at the Gallery, Pall Mall East, on Monday, the 25th instant.  
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.  
CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

LECTURES ON HISTORY. BENJAMIN HEATH MALKIN, LL.D. Professor of History, will commence the Second Division of his Course on Wednesday, the 21st instant, at half after Seven o'clock in the Evening, and it will be continued every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at the same Hour, till the end of May. It will embrace the History of the Empire of the Turks in Asia, the Norman Conquest, the Crusades, and other leading Events of the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries; together with a View of Society and Manners in Europe at that Period.  
Fee for the Nominees of Proprietors, 11. 10s.; for others, 11. 17s. 6d.  
LEONARD HORNER, Warden.

## KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

Notice is hereby given, that the Annual Court, or General Meeting of the Governors, Proprietors, and other Friends of this Institution, will be held at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on Friday, the 30th of this Month, at Three o'clock precisely.  
His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the Visitor of the College, in the Chair.  
By Order of the Council,  
H. SMITH, Secretary.

2, Parliament Street, 14th April, 1850.

## PHILOMATHIC INSTITUTION.

Burton Street, Burton Crescent. Mr. Thompson will, during the present Month, deliver Two Lectures on the Study and Practice of Elocution, illustrated by Readings, principally from the English Poets.—First on Friday, April 28d, at a Quarter-past Eight; the Second on Friday, April 30th, at the same Hour. Visitors can be admitted only by the personal introduction or written order of a Member.  
Mr. Thompson continues to give advice and instruction for the Removal of every species of Vocal and Enunciative Impediment.

## ORIENTAL LANGUAGES and GENERAL EDUCATION FOR INDIA.

LONDON ORIENTAL INSTITUTION, 2, South Crescent, Bedford Square. The Hindustani, Bengali, Persian, and other Languages (some of which are now indispensably necessary for those holding high offices in the Company's Service), are taught here, with their true Pronunciation, by Professors who have studied them among the learned Natives of the East, and who have already prepared some hundreds of Gentlemen for the East India Service. A select number of youths receive Board and Education, with the Oriental Languages, and Mathematical Instruction required for the Civil Service. The highest Reference can be given.  
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## TO FAMILIES going ABROAD. Fam-

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May be viewed on Monday, and Mornings of Sale, and Catalogues (price 1s.) had at the Rooms.

Just published,  
A LITHOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT of the late Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, from a Picture painted from the Life, by Henry Singleton, Esq. This Portrait, which is considered to be a faithful Resemblance, was painted the Year that Sir Thomas was elected a Member of the Royal Academy. Published by the Proprietor, C. Eastland, 27, Osnaburg Street, Regent's Park, where the original Picture may be seen.

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\* \* \* \* \* Prospectuses of the above splendid periodical Works, stating the various prices, &c. may be obtained of the publishers, and of every respectable Book and Printseller in the Kingdom, where Specimens may also be seen.  
April 1850.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY, Conduit Street.

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## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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